







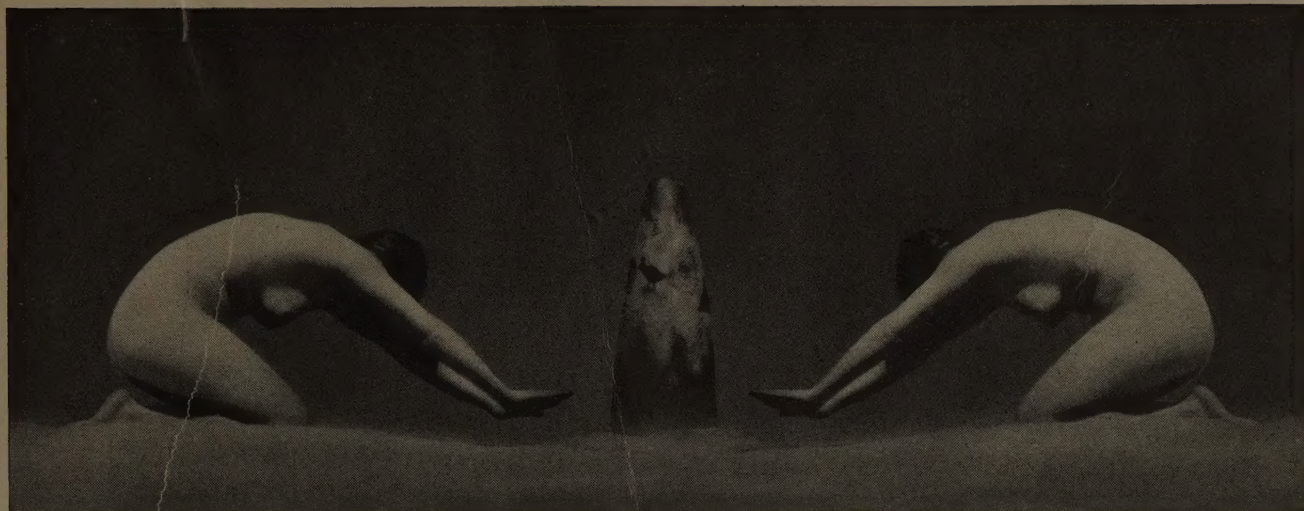
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Pondelicek

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# THEATRE MAGAZINE

Vol. XLII. No. 293

August, 1925



Goldberg

## VIVIENNE OSBORNE

*Who Stepped So Naturally Into Lenore Ulric's Rôle of the Siren-wife in "The Harem," Attracted David Belasco's Attention in a Small Part Several Years Ago With Her Exotic Loveliness and Talent*





Carlo Leonetti

*Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn in one of the beautiful scenes from their dance drama showing Ishtar, the fascinating elemental feminine symbol of all ages, freeing her lover, the Spring Spirit of the Earth, from the darkness of the underworld*



# THEATRE MAGAZINE

ARTHUR HORNBLow, *EDITOR-IN-CHIEF*

LAWRENCE LANGNER, *Contributing Editor*



## *The Editor's Uneasy Chair*

### *Mutton Chops and Broadway Reviewers*

THE dramatic critics of New York have agreed to drop their personal differences and form a brotherhood of love called "The First Nighters." The new organization, showing an extraordinary *flair* for an inspirational location, has taken club-rooms over a chop-house in the heart of the theatrical district, and here, with type machines and reams of "copy" paper, columnists and reviewers will thumbs up or thumbs down the new plays.

The theatregoing public will welcome the new association in the hope that it may result in some unanimity of opinion among the critics as to the merits of a new production. Until now the differences of opinion among newspaper commentators, as shown by their contradictory statements the morning following a new opening, have been most irritating and confusing to the playgoer seeking guidance how best to invest his theatre money.

The new association will put an end to this. The critics, getting together after the performance, will no longer have an excuse for not discussing thoroughly and in unison each new production. After the judicial debate and the fate of the new play is decided, the battery of typewriters will begin to sing—either a mighty swan song or a paean of praise. The First Nighters, in owlish conclave after the drop of the curtain, will settle *en masse* the fate of each production.

The club-rooms being situated over a chop emporium, it may reasonably be surmised that the food served the critics will be fairly substantial and this undoubtedly will be reflected in the quality of their cerebral product. After a repast of thick, juicy mutton chops, one may expect to find more meat and less bromo-seltzer froth in each of the oracles' critical opinions. Over their mugs of ale and platters of chops they will decide whether the new born is headed for a run or the storehouse. They will mull it all over and agree whether it is a play for the *intelligentsia* or just for the drab masses; whether the highbrows will greet it with shouts of glee or the housemaids chew their gum over it with bland content.

Here's hoping that "The First Nighters" will maintain a merry fraternal spirit. Let us trust that the after-the-performance meetings do not develop into the typical jury-room feuds, where diverging opinions often result in loud calls for more court plaster and new chair legs.

### *Has the Movie Worm Turned?*

WITH the opinion of Lord Newton that American motion pictures are mostly rubbish—a learned opinion expressed in the course of a recent speech in the English House of Lords in which the noble lord deprecated the hold American films have obtained on the British public to the practical exclusion of the native product—many Americans will heartily agree. We, however, would go further than Lord Newton and say that most of the films shown in any country, England included, are rubbish.

It is not the first time that the motion pictures have been called to account for their cheap heroics, their viciousness,

general inanity and bad taste, yet the smaller film manufacturer blithely goes his way, wholly indifferent to all criticism. He is well aware that his average screen product is rubbish, but he insists that it is as good as the public it appeals to deserves. The average man in the street, he argues, wants rubbishy pictures just as he wants rubbishy books, rubbishy newspapers and magazines and rubbishy plays. The film magnates are in the business to make money, not to improve public taste. In order to realize a fair return on the enormous capital invested, in order to pay the movie actors the exorbitant salaries they receive, the pictures must necessarily appeal to the biggest audiences possible—to the masses, not to the intelligent, cultured few.

Yet the situation is not altogether hopeless. The signs multiply on every hand that the movie fan himself is growing tired of a too steady diet of screen hokum. The most mediocre mind finally tires of mediocrity. Even a Babbitt gets bored with bromides. The silver screen has fed so many million reels of buncombe to the public that it is inevitable that the public should become surfeited. It is just beginning to penetrate to the movie fan's mind that the screen "plays" are mostly twaddle. A casual observance of the reaction of the movie audience will prove this. There are raucous laughter and humorous comments directed at the absurd screen heroes, their thrilling and impossible escapades, the inevitable dénouement.

The man who is really hurting the movies and giving them a bad name is not the leading picture producer, many of whose big features are triumphs of the camera, presenting a moving, human story in an inspirational, artistic way, but the smaller, irresponsible manufacturer who, for mere greed of profit, is turning out by the thousands worthless reels of sickly sentiment, vulgar clowning, sexual passion, violence and crime which, exhibited all over the country in the cheaper houses, constitute to-day almost the only mental diet of our teeming millions.

### *Classic Plays and Modern Audiences*

THE past season has seen on Broadway so unusual a number of revivals of the plays of the Restoration dramatists, comedies that almost for a hundred years have been considered taboo in polite society, that it would be interesting to know if it was really a love for the classics that prompted the bringing from dusty library shelves of these seventeenth-century masterpieces or a desire to profit by the present thirst of modern audiences for stage spice. Congreve's *Way of the World* and the same dramatist's *Love for Love*, both considered very naughty pieces in their day, have both drawn enthusiastic and presumably profitable audiences to Greenwich Village. Some of the dialogue in the latter play does, it is said, give a deeper tinge to already well-rouged cheeks, but so far no lady patron has been observed leaving the theatre. 'Tis a pity fans have gone out of fashion. They would be useful nowadays in helping modest theatregoers to conceal their embarrassment when the dramatist gets too bold.





Kenneth Alexander

### THE ACTRESS OF THE MONTH—KATHARINE CORNELL

*From speaking two lines in "Bushido" to her present triumph as the intriguing heroine of "The Green Hat" is a notable achievement, indicating in some measure the rapid and brilliant development of this much-discussed player. Miss Cornell has won her position as one of the most significant actresses in the American theatre through successes in "A Bill of Divorcement," "The Enchanted Cottage," "Casanova," "Candida," etc., but whatever the rôle, she imparts to it her own peculiar elusiveness and spiritual fire*



# Who'll Dare Rewrite Shakespeare?

Noted Shakespearian Authority Takes Up the Challenge

By HORACE HOWARD FURNESS, JR.

Editor of the *Variorum Shakespeare*

IN THEATRE MAGAZINE for July Mr. Lawrence Langner, in an article entitled "Can Shakespeare Be Translated Into English?" drew attention to the fact that the poet is more widely read and more frequently acted on the Continent than he is in English-speaking countries, this due to the reason that much of the language Shakespeare uses is to-day obsolete and unintelligible to all but students and scholars. Mr. Langner expressed the opinion that the great poet would be more popular with theatregoers if he could be more readily understood, and he urged that someone make a translation of the plays into modern English. Such a suggestion could be little else than rankest heresy to all self-respecting Shakespearians, and in the following article Dr. Horace Howard Furness, Jr., foremost living Shakespearian authority and Editor of the "Variorum Shakespeare," makes a brilliant retort.—EDITOR.

I READ Mr. Lawrence Langner's article, "Can Shakespeare Be Translated Into English?" in the July issue of THEATRE MAGAZINE with a great deal of interest, and let me say at the outset that with its aim and purpose I am heartily in accord. As I understand it, he desires that Shakespeare shall maintain his place on our stage as a living force; and his contention is that, on account of the many obsolete expressions in Shakespeare's plays they are in grave danger of passing into oblivion in the theatre, and of existing only as specimens in some linguistic museum.

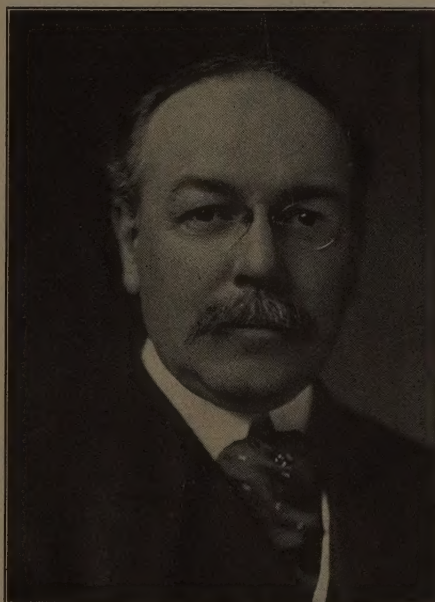
Now, while I agree with the aims, I must dissent to the means he proposes of bringing them about. Doubtless he intended the galled jade to wince at some of those heavy thrusts at Shakespearian scholiasts. I freely acknowledge the success of his intention.

But we are, so to speak, on different sides of the curtain. I am in the audience and he is among the actors; I am, nevertheless, going to step up on the stage presently and carry the war into the enemy's own country.

My connection with Shakespeare's plays is to a large extent academic; the work of arranging, sorting and interpreting the opinions and comments of others may possibly have made of small value my views as to the theatrical side of the question, but for all that, I may say that the actor's view has always, for me at least, been of paramount importance. The plays were written to be spoken on the stage before an audience, and that is all there is to it. I shall make the various heads of Mr. Langner's article my cast of characters and "in the order of their first appearance." The stage is waiting; let the play begin!

THE Musty Traditions of Garrick, Booth, Irving and Tree." This bitter sneer is quite unjustified, and is, I think, unsupported by fact. Every bit of stage business of Garrick in *Hamlet* or *King Lear* disappeared with the advent of the Kembles, and that in turn with Edmund Kean. Each discarded the work of his predecessor. Macklin's performance of Shylock, wherein tradition was thrown out bodily, is well known. If to play a part along lines laid down by the dramatist, discarding the stupid interpolations of a still more stupid adapter be traditional acting, then it is something to command our praise, not our sneers.

I have before me Edwin Booth's prompt copy of *Othello*, wherein that close student of every line in his parts of *Othello* and



HORACE HOWARD FURNESS, JR.

The most notable authority on the plays of Shakespeare in our time and the Editor of the *Variorum Shakespeare*, declared by the critics to be "the most scholarly edition of the poet that the world has ever seen"

Iago has written down his analyses of each speech and his reasons, in many cases, for every subtle touch or emphasis. Booth, of course, followed along the lines laid down by his father for the general conception of the characters, but that he was not bound in by tradition is evident in every one of his own comments. I have also Irving's own copy of *Macbeth*, marked and interlined with his notes for his own guidance, and scarcely a speech is allowed to pass without some illuminating remark as to delivery or emphasis. Irving was not one who was ever bound by tradition; in fact, his chief detractors made his disregard of it their chief point of attack. I should like to know if Mr. Langner ever had the great felicity of witnessing and hearing Henry Irving and Ellen Terry in *Much Ado About Nothing*. If he did not—which I strongly suspect—no words of mine can convey to him the effect of Shakespeare's brilliant comedy illuminated by Ellen Terry's genius

in the part of Beatrice; Irving's portrayal of the courtly gentleman Benedick. "Musty tradition," indeed! There was none for them to follow; they were the leaders. As for Beerbohm Tree, his innovations and changes; his new ideas and conceptions of *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* excited the critics and pundits to frenzy, even as the suggestion that he was following the Irving tradition would have excited him.

"Shakespeare," says Mr. Langner, "is generally unpopular all over England and the United States, no matter how well he is produced." I have no means of knowing upon what statistics such a statement as that is based, but it looks very much as though it were merely a very rash assertion based on conditions in New York City. E. H. Sothorn and Julia Marlowe, who have done more to rejuvenate and popularize Shakespeare than any other actors since Irving and Ellen Terry, found that, by simplifying all their stage settings and maintaining a high standard of acting for every member of the company, Shakespeare was not only a paying proposition but a profitable one. Possibly here again the personalities of the two chief actors were what attracted and not the plays themselves. Of course that was a large factor, but the reception of the plays showed that the power to please and entertain was there, and Shakespeare, as a dramatic entertainer, is as alive as in his own days. Does he need to be modernized when such a result as this can be brought about by skilled actors?

AS for Shakespeare in England, I know that Mr. Langner is quite mistaken. The "Old Vic," as it is affectionately called, is one of the most widely patronized of the London theatres, and the majority of the plays in its repertoire are Shakespeare's, comedies, tragedies and histories. There is no pretense at elaborate production as to scenery or equipment, and there are no star-actors in the company. Mr. Langner's experience at that performance of *Sommer Nacht's Traum* at the Deutsches Theater in Berlin might have been duplicated had he visited the Old Vic. in London and seen the play as they act it there. That is how Shakespeare is regarded in London; at Stratford-on-Avon two complete seasons of Shakespearian repertoire are given each year at the Memorial Theatre, which plays

(Continued on page 61)



# Theatrical Manager For the Steel Corporation

*Why Not Make Our Business Methods More Dramatic?*

By GILBERT SELDES

**W**HY should the theatre have a monopoly of fun? After all, it is an industry, like any other; and it is a paying industry in several cases. But its methods are peculiar and its privileges are enormous. Hotels, for example, do not get two or three pages per week in every metropolitan newspaper. News of latest changes in the personnel of the cloak and suit business is not telegraphed to the four corners of the world each night. Why?

It is, of course, possible that theatrical methods might not work in other industries. But they have not been given a fair trial. If the United States Steel Corporation, for example, were to try it, the result would be something like this:

On the fourteenth of January, 1926, Mr. Eugene Wibbles, inventor, brings to the head engineer of the United States Steel Corporation a design for a new type of faucet, and this design is accepted for immediate production on a large scale.

The New York papers of January 17 carry the following item: Preparations are rapidly being made for the production of a new type of faucet at the main factories of the United States Steel Corporation. The design is from the hand of the well-known inventor, Eugene Wibbles, whose former wife, Mrs. Alfred Alton, is being sued for slander by a butler of Mr. Wibbles's. The faucet is said to be superior to other faucets. John T. King has been placed in charge of the special unit which will make this faucet, and among his bookkeepers will be Mayme Little and Irene Love, formerly of the Crucible Steel Company's bookkeeping department.

The following week the blue-print of the faucet appears in all the rotogravure supplements, usually under the title: John T. King's New Faucet.

## THE NAME IS CHANGED

**W**HILE work goes on at the factory, there is a becoming silence in the press. At the end of February, the following small item is published:

Owing, it is said, to difficulties with the inventor who refused to allow a washer to be moved one-sixteenth of an inch in his new faucet, John T. King has resigned as director of the producing unit which is manufacturing the Wibbles-King faucet. Addison Sims, formerly of Seattle, has been chosen from among twelve applicants for this work. The faucet is almost ready to be put on the market.

Judge Elbert Gary, president of the United States Steel Corporation, which is financing the production of the new faucet, has recently sailed for England. Before sailing he changed the name of the faucet to the spigot.

We now turn to the production itself, for a moment. Mr. Wibbles has received an advance payment on his faucet and been promised one-tenth of a cent royalty on

every faucet of his design sold to the public. He has departed for the French Riviera where he is, according to reports sent out by the United States Steel Corporation, at work on another faucet. Mr. Sims, directing the production, carefully studies the plans and decides that the handle which regulates the flow of water must turn up and down instead of round and round, as in the original plans. This involves changes in the shape of the faucet, in the rifling of the cylinder, which is the heart of Mr. Wibbles's invention, and in the cost of production. All these changes are made without consulting Mr. Wibbles, who hears of them in a private letter from a spy in the office and returns to America.

## LEGAL PROCEEDINGS BEGUN

**T**HE newspapers on the day of his arrival print the following report: Paris. Judge Elbert Gary, president of the United States Steel Corporation, now engaged in the wholesale production of spigots, was yesterday awarded the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor by the French Government in recognition of his services to mankind.

Two weeks later, M. Georges Chameau, through his literary agents in the United States, brings suit against the United States Steel Corporation, Judge Elbert Gary, and Mr. Eugene Wibbles, claiming that the spigot they are about to put on the market is nothing but a faithful copy of his own spigot, known as Le Robinet. M. Chameau has not seen Mr. Wibbles's design nor the factory specimen, but bases his claim on the fact that three years earlier he and Mr. Wibbles were walking down the Rue Boncque and he (Chameau) said, "Someone ought to invent a new kind of spigot." The United States Steel Corporation and Judge Gary engage counsel and plead a postponement of trial. Mr. Wibbles goes temporarily to jail.

As the casting of the spigot progresses, news items are sent to the papers which, combined, indicate:

That this is the world's most stupendous spigot;

That no other spigot was ever like this spigot;

That it is made of solid gold and set with gems;

That it can turn upward and flow like a fountain;

That it is detachable and can be inserted into any electric plug, giving watered light;

That it can also be used for a shower-bath.

At this point Mr. Addison Sims is discharged from his post as director of production, owing to incompetence, and Mr. Richard Rowe takes his place. Mr. Rowe restores all the original ideas of Mr. Wibbles which were discarded by Mr. Sims, but discards all those which Mr. Sims retained. The Wibbles-Rowe spigot, it

is announced, will not be put on the market until the year after next.

Mr. Wibbles now sells the plans of another faucet to the Crucible Steel Company. It is announced that Mr. John T. King has been engaged by them to direct the production of the new faucet.

The United States Steel Corporation rushes work on their spigot and secretly puts it on the market at Stamford, Connecticut. The next day all the New York papers carry the following item:

Stamford, April 12. The new spigot, based on designs adapted by Eugene Wibbles from the original plans of Georges Chameau, was put on the market by the United States Steel Corporation last night. It scored a complete success. Among the first buyers were Judge Elbert Gary, recently decorated by the French Government, and Mayor Williams of Stamford. The spigot will appear in the shop-windows of New York early next week.

In the succeeding week, all the parts originally contributed by Mr. Wibbles are eliminated from the spigot, in order to strengthen it, and a few additional gim-cracks are added to make it more attractive.

On the nineteenth of April, "The United States Steel Corporation" has the honor to announce that it is putting on sale to-day a new Shower-Bath attachment, of the Wibbles-Chameau type, manufactured by the United States Steel Corporation, Judge Elbert Gary, president, and under the personal supervision of Mr. Richard Rowe.

On the twentieth there is a column article in each of the New York newspapers on the merits and demerits of the new Shower-Bath. One of the writers declares that "it's a spray"; another recalls that it was intended to be a spigot. Most of them say that the casting of the shower-bath is adequate.

## SHOWER-BATH DENOUNCED

**O**N the twenty-first all the favorable words are quoted in advertisements, and five hundred clergymen are invited to look over the new Shower-Bath, or even to take showers under it. The United States Steel Corporation offers Mayor Hylan a free Shower-Bath of the latest model to put over the statue of Civic Virtue. Mr. John S. Sumner declares that the shower-bath is indecent and an affront to public morality.

Speculators from Wall Street buy up the entire production of Shower-Baths for the next eight weeks.

Brentanos, the next week, issues a highly serious and marvelously illustrated book by Oliver M. Saylor, on the Ethical and Cultural Effects of the Shower, which includes a few nasty cracks at the false aesthetics of the bathtub.

(Continued on page 54)



MAXIM'S



MM HENRY DEFREYN AS DANILO



ONE OF THE GIRLS FROM MAXIM'S



MARY LEWIS.  
AS  
'THE MERRY WIDOW'



THE DANCER

FÉLIX OUDART  
AS  
BARON POPOFF



AT THÉÂTRE DE L'APOLLO

WYNN PARIS

## WYNN SEES "THE MERRY WIDOW" IN PARIS

The big event of the Paris Season is the gala revival of Lehar's operetta "The Merry Widow" at the new Théâtre de l'Apollo—a lavish production of the adaptation by MM. de Caillavet and de Flers. Mary Lewis, a former member of the Ziegfeld "Follies," a pupil of William Thorner, had already won her operatic spurs in Paris. She was specially selected by the composer for the "Merry Widow" revival, and scored a tremendous hit in the title rôle. To-day she has all Paris at her feet



# What Stars Eat On the Stage

*Gastronomic Ordeals with Wooden Strawberries and Cardboard Sandwiches*

By J. P. GREGORY

HOW often, from your orchestra seat, have you looked over the footlights upon a group of actors—who presumably have dined recently and well, too—apparently eating another hearty meal at the whim of the author responsible for the evening's play, and as an incident of the story they are interpreting.

You have surmised sometimes maybe, that the actors are really not eating at all, but merely simulating gustatory effects. Frequently though, you are convinced beyond peradventure that the players actually are eating and drinking, and you ask yourself if it really can be that they are partaking of such substantial viands as are presumably spread for them.

The answer to such speculations must be somewhat ambiguous—"It all depends!" It is safe to say that rarely does an actor or actress eat during, and as part of a performance, anything unless required to. Ask any actor, and he will tell you that stage meals are mostly a genuine ordeal—that is, when they have to be eaten!

Take the classic case of *Shore Acres*. Mature theatregoers will recall avidly enough that table-groaning Thanksgiving dinner, with its honest-to-goodness turkey, steaming vegetables, crisp celery and huge mince pies—a meal intended to epitomize the spirit of New England hospitality. Who that saw *Shore Acres* will ever forget the gorgeous time the neighbor's young girl, invited to partake of the feast, had eating the drumstick! But imagine, if you can, having to consume a turkey dinner every night of your life, and appearing to like it into the bargain, and you will understand why it was that Herne had to engage nearly every season a different actress for the part of the drumstick girl.

## MR. ARLISS' EPICUREAN SPREAD

THE actor's lot is always more difficult in those plays where the playwright stresses the meal which he spreads for his actors, makes the meal an active agent in the progression of his plot, rather than merely lay business. For example, consider John Galsworthy's *Old English*. The entire action of the last act revolves around the epicurean dinner which old Sylvanus Heythorpe arranges for what turns out to be his last one. Oysters, germaine soup, filet de sole, sweetbreads, cutlet soubées, rum soufflée and cheese, together with sherry, champagne, port and brandy, comprise the back-bone of this delectable array. Fascinated, as course follows course, you watch an expression of sublime satisfaction, enjoyment suffuse his features as he nibbles first one dish and then another. But what does Mr. Arliss really eat?

The enticing sweetbread is the filling from lemon-meringue pie; the well-browned cutlet is only a piece of soft toast, cut in the shape of a chop and

garnished with green-pepper; the soufflée is bits of sliced orange. The champagne is either sparkling cider or dry ginger ale; the wines are nothing but water colored, as the brand demands, with a mixture of burnt sugar and cochineal.

The property-man who has charge of the preparation of Old English's dinner is nicknamed "Chef," and he receives a generous additional stipend weekly from the coffers of Winthrop Ames for setting forth an appetizing spread for Mr. Arliss at each performance.

## CAFE DES ENFANTS REPLICA

BELASCO never staged a more realistic setting than his replica of Childs' in the last act of *The Governor's Lady*, wherein Emma Dunn and Emmett Corrigan, during their skilful reconciliation scene, consumed quantities of wheat cakes and coffee, the flavorful and unmistakable aroma of which floated out over the stalls.

Throughout four long years, Edith Taliaferro and Archie Boyd played in *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*, and they had to eat, eight or nine times a week, an ample dinner in the stage-coach driver's home. Boyd played the rôle of the driver, and as host had to do full justice to the meal, which ran as follows—corned-beef hash, hot biscuits, jelly, apple pie and tea. All the above was obtained by the property-man from restaurants handy to the theatres where *Rebecca* was showing, and although rebellion at the steady diet of corned-beef hash led him to substitute frequently roast-beef hash or some other of the fifty-seven varieties, the meal had to remain substantially as Mrs. Wiggins had set it forth in her story. Boyd was inordinately fond of pie, so that part of the meal wasn't so bad to him, but the unending hash day in and day out became almost unbearable, and he used to count the very hours till Sunday when calory selection was a matter concerning only himself.

A thumping good meal that cost the management many dollars was that set forth for Sunday dinner in the theatrical boarding-house scene in *The Country Boy*, of which Mrs. Stuart Robson, as the landlady, and Willette Kershaw, Forrest Winant, Robert McWade, Jr., and Arthur Shaw, as the guests, had to partake. The menu included roast beef, turnips, potatoes, ice-cream and coffee, and it was all real except the coffee, which was the customary burnt-sugar concoction. And the stage-director saw to it that his charges ate as heartily as any bunch of impecunious troupers might be expected to at their big meal of the week, for much of the success of the scene depended upon that very effect.

A very similar scene was that in Rachel Crothers' *39 East*, wherein a dozen or so prominent actors, including Constance Binney and Henry Hull, were shown at

boarding-house breakfast. As the various members of the household strolled to their places they ordered breakfast with as much individuality as they might be expected to show in actual life—eggs, bacon, chops, oranges, grapefruit, toast and coffee. Only here a management solicitous either of its purse or the company's tastes, resorted to liberal faking. The fruit alone was what it purported to be; strips of thin toast were cut in imitation of bacon, a piece of sliced orange set on a much larger slice of peeled apple passed for a fried egg; chops were moulded from gingerbread; the coffee was ordinary bottled sarsaparilla!

When Henry W. Savage presented Richard Golden and Florence Rockwell in *Common Sense Brackett*, he went the limit in providing the real thing for the old-fashioned strawberry festival in the town hall of a remote New England village. Oyster stews, strawberries and cream, ice-cream and cake and lemonade comprised the nightly régime. Only at such times as strawberries were scarce did purse-strings tighten, with the result that real strawberries were mounded upon painted, wooden berries that were glued to the dishes, and in the dead of winter, when strawberries were practically unobtainable, recourse was had to preserved ones.

For the Pennsylvania supper scene in *Erstwhile Susan*, the principal staples were either baked beans or ham and eggs, although truth to tell Mrs. Fiske did more feigning than actual eating. After Mrs. Fiske laid this play aside, Henrietta Crosman went out in *Erstwhile Susan* to play the Pacific Coast territory, and a stage-manager with an efficiency expert's turn of mind conceived the idea of providing even more modest fare, to the intense relief of Miss Crosman and a saving to the management of about ten dollars a week.

## BOILED SALMON MADE OF CAKE

PROPERTY-MEN frequently display an ingenuity in the simulation of dishes that amounts almost to genius. On Molnar's menu, for instance, for that lovely dinner in *The Swan*, which Eva Le Gallienne and her associates ate, there was supposed to be fresh boiled salmon. With a happy inspiration, the property-man commissioned a caterer to bake pink-colored cakes in a salmon-shaped mould; the illusion was perfect!

There is much food served in the restaurant scene in *The Dove*—ham and eggs, veal cutlets, bread and butter and a lot of other things. They are real, too, and William Harrigan has to eat a lot of them. Holbrook Blinn is more fortunate, his part restricting him to several glasses of "champagne"—which isn't real!

Janet Beecher absorbed a lot of punishment, in a food way, in *The Steamroller*. It will be recalled that she was  
(Continued on page 50)





Lisa Duncan, the elfin spirit of the faithful disciples of the classic Isadora, finds wide, grassy spaces particularly suited to her moods of joyousness



Margaret Severn, herself as lithe as a young birch-tree, creates a dance patterned after the suppleness of slender birch branches

Anna Duncan, who embodies all that is poetry in her wonderful dancing, has a mystic beauty and a limitless rhythm of movement strangely akin to the sea

### NATURE DANCERS

*Dr. Arnold Genthe, Poet of the Camera, Has Brought Out the Fundamental Qualities of These Dancers by Giving to Each a Fitting Frame*





Goldberg

**ADELE KLAER AS TILBURINA**

*In the Neighborhood Players' Clever Production of "The Critic," Helps to Bring Out the Wit of Sheridan's Comment on the Vagaries of Players and Author Producers, by Her Amusing Portrayal of a "Grand Manner" Actress*



# Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play



**T**O be able to hold and entertain an audience with a three-act play, which has practically no action and is utterly devoid of plot, is somewhat of a *tour de force*. That is what Paul Fox and George Tilton, two scribes new to Broadway, succeeded in doing with their comedy, *Odd Man Out*, seen at the Booth. The play is mostly talk, but clever, sophisticated talk which kept the spectators constantly amused. It is a better play from native sources than the fag end of the season has seen, showing a deftness and skill in treatment and construction which leads me to venture a guess that these authors are henceforth to be counted with and that they will be heard from soon again with another play of greater substance and more popular appeal.

*Odd Man Out* has only four characters and a single setting, a gentleman's attractive farm. Julie Bancroft and her husband, Dickon, have been married some years, but spend most of the time apart. He, easy-going, rather fed up with his wife's whims, exploring foreign lands; she, unmoral, pleasure-loving, weak, indulging at Monte Carlo and other resorts her propensity for flirtation. Suddenly the report comes that Dickon has been killed on a shooting expedition. The gay widow is at once besieged by admirers. Among them are Karl Spalla, a wealthy Continental *roué*, and Jerry Ames, a clean-cut, decent young American, who, having admired Julie before her wedding, now wants to marry her. He has no income except his salary, which would necessitate their living at a remote post in China, but he offers devotion such as she has never known. Julie winces at the self-sacrifice involved, even to satisfy her latest caprice—a yearning for a “romantic love”—and when the cynical Spalla tempts her with a long cruise on his yacht, she does not hesitate. At this point the husband unexpectedly turns up. The report of his demise was false. He is not at all surprised to find his home overrun by admirers, but he warns Jerry that if he marries his wife he'll regret it, and he proceeds to explain why, enumerating some of his wife's tantrums which have made his own life with her almost unbearable. The comedy ends by Julie going away with the sardonic Karl, while Dickon and Jerry drown their feelings in excellent old brandy.

The play was well acted. A. E. Anson was delightfully *débonair* as the cynical *roué*, and Lee Baker gave just the right touch to his rôle of the complacent, philosophical husband. James Crane was admirable as the young American lover, nursing the notion that romance still lives in the world. I have never cared much for Alma Tell in any part I have seen her in. I have found her acting unnatural and full of affected, simpering mannerisms. But in this rôle of the wife who doesn't know her own mind she appeared to better advantage.

**S**TAGED exquisitely by Robert Milton, John Galsworthy's *A Bit o' Love* was presented at the Actors' Theatre for a series of special matinées. Its manner of presentation was its outstanding feature. The play itself is made up of a thick brand of Galsworthy sentiment. The scene is laid in England, and is the story of the mental crucifixion of a gentle, though pas-

as to what the marriage game is all about. Everyone is grouped about the bridal bed, a brazen affair with gold Cupids and red lights, and with purple pajamas and white-lace bridal nightgown conspicuously displayed. An elderly former sweetheart of the groom is insistent that he transfer his attentions to her, and she warns him to stay away from his new mate. The

result is that the bride disrobes on the stage and retires, after insisting that her husband sleep on the floor, which he does. Finally she consents to allow him to share her couch if he removes nothing but his shoes. “Turn your head while I disrobe,” she coyly urges. “But the good Lord made us man and wife to-day,” he objects. “Yes,” she pipes, “but the good Lord didn't say you might look at me in my ‘undies.’”

Lila Lee was the featured player in the cast. She played badly, but no worse than the play deserved.

## Plays You Ought to See

**ROSE-MARIE**—That *rara avis*, an intelligent musical play! Tuneful, beautiful and decent. In the title-rôle charming Mary Ellis, a newcomer, establishes herself as the peer of any musical comedy star in the country.

**THE FIREBRAND**—Entertaining comedy farce, based on the hectic career of Benvenuto Cellini. One of the most amusing pieces on Broadway.

**THE GORILLA**—A burlesque mystery story. One of the funniest and most thrilling shows ever seen on Broadway.

**THE STUDENT PRINCE**—Delightful musical version of the *Old Heidelberg* play. Tuneful music, excellent singing and an unusual chorus.

**LADY, BE GOOD**—Delightful musical comedy in which the insouciant Astaires carry off nearly all the honors and also superb clowning by Walter Catlett.

**IS ZAT SO?**—Genuinely funny comedy which no one who enjoys a good laugh should miss.

sionate, minister, whose young wife runs away with another man. The minister is distressed by his wife's desertion and is further tortured by his parishioners' jibes and persecutions. They resent his attitude toward his fallen mate and believe him a weak man, aiding and abetting her in her wrong-doing, because he does not denounce and punish her in the conventional manner expected of betrayed husbands. O. P. Heggie, in a tragic rôle, puts a surprising lot of pathos into the part for a man who is accustomed to playing comedy. Chrystal Herne, as the erring wife, is called upon to appear only briefly in one scene, so has little chance to distinguish herself. Alice Fischer, as the wife of the senior rector, a harsh and gossiping woman, and Beryl Mercer as the kindly housekeeper, play the two character rôles effectively. A group of attractive and clever children gambol prettily in and out of the plot.

**A**S the expiring effort of a season conspicuous for its output of salacious plays *The Bride Retires*, an extremely nasty little play, sister to *The Rubicon*, of unsavory memory, flaunted its sexy little self on to the stage of the National. The piece is a comedy from the French of Felix Gandera, adapted by Henry Baron. All of its Gallic sparkle is gone in translation; only its suggestiveness remains. A typical bedroom show, it's all about a bridal night, everyone in the cast taking part in the nuptial ceremony, all eager to share the prerogatives of the groom. The bride is such an innocent, one wonders how she ever got pried loose from her nursing bottle. Most of the lines deal with explanations

**F**OR four years now The Players have given annually a classical revival with casts that, as far as names are concerned, are of that stellar quality that draws the crowds. For as the Englishman dearly loves a title so do New Yorkers revel in a program that contains only names that sparkle in the incandescent announcements.

During the week of June 1 the Knickerbocker was crowded to capacity to see a semi-classic—*Trelawney of the Wells*—that delightful comedy of theatrical life of the “sixties” that Pinerro wrote years ago, but which, with its happy blending of the tragedy of age and the romance of youth, still has its fixed place in the roster of worth-while drama.

It is a truism that stars, hastily gathered together, do not necessarily give that precision of performance that a lesser aggregation will often present. Individuality too frequently throws effects out of place and subtleties of interpretation are blurred by the brilliant aura thrown off by the ego. In the main, however, it was a capital performance that the distinguished players, headed by the ever-popular John Drew, presented. It was a delightful rendition that he gave of the irascible old vice-chancellor, and others shone as brilliantly. Two veterans of Daniel Frohman's original company who assisted in the comedy's first American production at the old Lyceum stood sharply forth—William Courtleigh as the youthful actor Gadd and that lovable actress, Mrs. Whiffen, as the keeper of the theatrical lodging-house. There was tragedy and comedy in Charles Coburn's and Amelia Bingham's rendering of the veterans who lag superfluous on the stage, and with splendid vivacity and skilled technic Violet Heming stood radiantly forth as Avonia Bunn. O. P. Heggie's comic waiter in the opening act was finely humorous, and the low comedy antics of Colpoys were comically interpreted by Herbert Corthell. Gladys Hanson was regally handsome as Imogen Parrott.



# The Kamerny Theatre Coming to America

Revolutionary Russia's Futuristic Players Shortly to Play on Broadway

By BELLA COHEN

Special Correspondent of "Theatre Magazine" in Russia

Moscow, June 25, 1925.

ALL Gaul, Cæsar said, was divided into three parts. Here in Moscow, the theatre is divided into three classes—realist, naturalist and modernist or futurist. In addition we have the little Hebrew theatre, where they play in good old ten, twenty, thirty style, and the leading juvenile indicates his love for the ingénue by kissing a Chinese scale up and down her arms.

The realist school is exemplified in the Art Theatre studios. Here the greatest pains are taken to reproduce life and peoples accurately. In the naturalist school, we have the Gitas Theatre, lately sprung up, which insists upon the representation of present-day life only. The past is taboo. The actors use no "make-up" and no scenery, only symbols. This theatre is the youngest of them all in Moscow, but already it has attracted to itself much talent.

The futurist school is confined to the Kamerny Theatre, the most famous and interesting of all the playhouses of revolutionary Russia, the company of which will make their first visit to New York next Fall. The Kamerny is organized very much on the plan of your Theatre Guild, except that it has a regular company of its own and disapproves of the Guild's present method of inviting "guest" actors to take leading parts in their productions. The Kamerny never permits an actor to play upon its stage who is not definitely identified with its organization. An artist, if he believes in what the Kamerny Theatre stands for, has to join the company before he can play with it.

The Kamerny produces tragedies as a rule, but now it is presenting a musical comedy with futurist, symbolic settings consisting of painted boards so constructed that they become chairs or tables or closets or stairs as they are turned. Thus an interior in the flap of several boards becomes the deck of a pirate ship. What could be more economical? The costumes are three-fourths paper, including skirts, bonnets and top hats, cravats, cuffs, waist-coats, fans and pantalettes. Boy, page Mr. Ziegfeld!

AT the left side of the stage, well in the foreground, was suspended a circular group of lights, which in one act were a deep red and in another green and in the third a sort of blue, an indication of the mood. The lights reminded one of the traffic towers of Fifth Avenue.

In back of this cluster of mood lights was a series of wheels within wheels, each painted red, green, yellow and blue. When love was the order of the action, the red wheel spun round and round, slow or fast as the love-making warranted. When jealously stalked the boards, the green wheel whizzed around. When peace reigned, the blue wheel placidly purred.

The following evening we watched these same players give *Romeo and Juliet*. Versatility comes easily and gracefully to the Kamerny troupe. There'll be no baggage fuss at the U. S. Customs when the company reaches New York, as the actors can easily put what costumes they own in their pockets, and the girls can squeeze theirs into their muffs. Yakloff, the designer of the Kamerny sets, could place them in a folder and carry them under his arm.

AT present, Art Theatre studio No. 2 is playing a take-off on the Kamerny. They are giving *Princess Tourandot* to packed houses. This is a musical extravaganza where the players introduce themselves as they are in evening clothes and then proceed to drape the costumes their parts demand right in front of the audience, while an invisible orchestra of the actress stage hands, operating on combs, accompanies them. Then the actress stage hands, looking very pretty and ferocious, let down a few pulleys and colored banners and call it a set.

Then the play begins.

A prince traveling incognito falls in love with a princess of the land he happens to be in. The princess has announced that she will marry no one who cannot answer certain three questions. Her beauty is such that many have sought her, and as a result their bodies severed relationships with their respective heads. But the prince goes ahead—and wins.

The story is simple and as old as fairy lore. But the method of presentation is most original. At a certain stage of the play the actors who've been sitting on the floor rise and stretch and then size up the audience as they discuss the box receipts. Then they resume their seats and their parts, and the play goes on to the happy end while the stage hands play on their combs.

Intermissions are made the most of by the stage-hands, who imitate the players and discuss them as only stage hands can. The counsellors to the father of the princess—the king—stroll on and off while they talk of the exchange and the price of bread.

We have seen *Princess Tourandot* four times and we shall go a fifth time.

And now the opera. *Aida* is here presented with a most original setting. They manage to show Egypt without the Sphinx. There is no pause for change of scene, but one scene fades into the other by a series of back drops ingeniously manipulated. The singers have dropped the usual operatic gestures in favor of what is supposed to be Egyptian movements. The effect is somewhat bewildering, but the novelty is there. Besides, it's a change for the singers. The women have the voices, the men the figures.

All operas, whether French, German or Italian, are sung in Russian. *Carmen* we vote second to *Aida* for novel presentation and first for bizarre beauty and ballet. *The Queen of Spades* is the most impressive of them all. New York had a chance to hear this opera when the Russian Opera Company was in town, but New York, as we remember, did not take kindly to it. *Carmen* is carried out in black and silver. The inn, the cliffs and cave and the entrance to the ring—all in black and silver. Costumes, black and silver, an Aubrey Beardsley *Carmen*.

Moscow has three opera companies, one composed of the younger generation of singers, while the other two are the old standbys. The one at the Bolshoi Theatre corresponds to our Metropolitan.

So far we have heard only the Academic Symphony Orchestra here, conducted by one Oscar Fried, a German, at present Moscow's idol. In appearance he resembles Damrosch, but his personality is that of Mengelberg. In the midst of a Stravinsky number at one of his concerts some three or four enthusiastic souls commenced to applaud. He turned around and faced these—baton pointing directly at them. It might have been a knife, if his eyes were true indicators of his feelings at the minute.

AT the Crooked Jimmy, a cabaret close kin to the *Chauve-Souris* in New York, Balieff's nephew was in charge. You go down into a basement and are rewarded by a little theatre, very much like our Punch and Judy theatre, but with a curtain of black velvet on which are embroidered the masks connected with the usual streamer of flowers. For an evening of sheer laughter, this vaudeville rivals anything we have seen. We haven't seen anything as funny in a long time as the one-act skit on the drama and dancing class laid in Petrograd. Here the fat instructor talks of the ethics and psychology of the Apache dance, interpolating the lecture with demonstrations of the correct way of spitting—part of the dance.

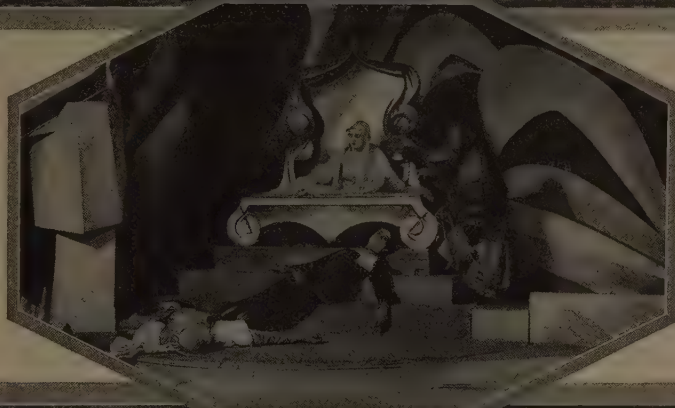
The Government Children's Theatre, as the official name indicates, is supported by the Soviet and includes in its repertoire dramatized Russian fairy tales as well as our own Mark Twain's *Tom Sawyer*, a prime favorite with the Russian youngsters. The actors are all professionals and are paid by the government.

All in all, given plenty of money, time and inclination, the Russians to-day can enjoy themselves in Moscow as well as Americans in New York. And a good percentage of them are making that prophecy come true: that Moscow, within two years at its present rate of progress, will be the gayest city in the world.





*Romeo and Juliet* as done at the Kamerny, showing the futuristic Verona street settings, which leave almost as much to the imagination as in Shakespeare's day, and (center) the almost unbelievably crude tomb scene



(Below)  
Scene in *Giroflé Girofla*, the season's hit at the Kamerny. Economy in production is the prevailing note. The costumes are made of paper and there are no garden or bedroom sets. Tables turn into chairs or closets at will



## ECONOMY THE NOTE OF RUSSIA'S REVOLUTIONARY THEATRE

*Although Costumes Are of Paper and Settings Crude the Spirit of the Theatre Still Prevails*



# Concerning Jimmy Gleason

*Is the Co-author of "Is Zat So?" and "The Fall Guy" an American Ibsen?*

By JOHN V. A. WEAVER

**I**S it a very far cry from James Gleason to Ibsen, or, as the fella says, *vice versa*?

This is indubitably a trick opening—an eye-catcher. It is set down for the purpose of infuriating the reader into disputatious attention. Somewhat further along, I shall return to this question, and perhaps you will admit then that it is not quite as wild a query as appears at first glance.

Immediately, however, I shall divulge my impressions of this gleaming new Broadway light, impressions garnered from several envisagings, mostly informal.

Very well. Observing Gleason as an actor in his opus, *Is Zat So?* you cannot fail to be impressed with the fact that here is a comic who knows where his laughs are—at times just a very small amount too well—who has a face resembling the body of a violin—a funny face—and a hard-boiled, efficient personality. He shares with the greatest comedians the ability to turn around and choke you up. Over that gangling, slightly ridiculous figure can come expressions which wipe the smiles off your own physiognomy and replace them with certain wincings, a number of quiverings under the eyes and a few quick swallows.

This is because you are watching and listening to the manifestations of the personality of not only an excellent artist, but a regular human being—and “regular” is used in the slang sense of high compliment. Proceeding further in the lingo—and the lingo seems to be the natural tongue to use in describing him—it becomes immediately apparent that Mr. Gleason is at the same time a riot, a wise bird, and a good guy, right.

This judgment finds itself borne out when you talk with him, as he extends his decidedly frail frame upon a settee and allows himself to be kneaded, pounded and rubbed by an osteopathic friend. There are certainly no airs about him, and if his head has become enlarged by his phenomenal success of the last six months, I am someone's maiden aunt.

**I**T is most difficult to get any statistical information out of him. He would much rather talk generalities, relate or listen to anecdotes of the profession or of strange and amusing persons he has come across at various times. And then there are novel additions to the American language which he wants to recount. This American language flows from his typewriter in a pure, steady stream; and a literate version of it is his conversation. I mean the American Language point of view, the slant colors every sentence, whether he is discussing O'Neill or Shaw, or describing the doorman's new golf pants. The first time I met him, his first remark was: “Catch this one; a fella came in to-night with a new suit on. He

walks up and down in front of me and finally says, ‘How do you care for the set of threads?’ Isn't that a darb?” Linguistic *patisseries* like that delight him.

He is a vaudeville show in himself when he is in the mood. He can also discuss the stage and literature with a most acute judgment and a refreshing, live methods of



Photo Wide World

JAMES GLEASON

Co-author of *Is Zat So?* and *The Fall Guy*

expression. His wife is much like him in personality, except that her knowledge of what has been and is being written is much more extensive (she could give almost any “literary” person I know cards and spades and big casino and play him off the board), and she is the best *raconteuse* I have ever encountered.

In between laughs and discussions, I managed to find out a few facts. Gleason was born right here in New York, on the corner of Second Avenue and Tenth Street—just off the Bowery. He made his first stage appearance at the age of five weeks and has been upon the boards, in one capacity or another, most of the time since. His parents were stage people, and the theatre is bred in the bone. He has played every conceivable sort of part, in stock, in vaudeville, in the legitimate. He moved very early—I believe when he was about five months old—to Oakland or Frisco or Vernon, I'm not quite sure which; probably all. At any rate, he is by experience what used to be called a “Coast defender” and is now known as a “Sloper.” He served two hitches in the cavalry of the regular army. He has been all over this country and has seen practically everything and every type of person indigenous

to this soil. I don't know how old he is—most of the time he looks about twenty-eight, and once or twice I have seen him look fifty. All I know is that he has a son eighteen years old, and when he speaks of this son his face lights up as if it had a thousand-watt lamp inside it. The son, he says, is going to be one of the greatest troupers who ever stepped on a stage. He has shown his stuff already.

It is quite true that Gleason was all ready to wash up and quit the theatre forever a year ago. Several years of unsatisfactory parts and five years of hawking *Is Zat So?* under various names with unvarying unsuccess had convinced him that his future lay in scraping together whatever funds could be scraped and investing in a horse ranch out West. Horses are another of his hobbies, if I may be permitted to do a Woolcott. The luck turned. Some friends got together. *Is Zat So?* was tried out in Milwaukee stock, various pieces of hocus-pocus and argument were gone through, and for the rest of the tale you must see the daily papers and the box-office reports in *Variety*. *The Fall Guy* and the new producing firm, the capacity houses in both theatres and the pæans of praise on every hand are all phenomena accompanying a success which is only at its beginning. For here is no sky-rocket. It is founded upon a knowledge of human nature, an accurate ear, a complete box of stage tricks and effects and a remarkably enthusiastic and enthusiasm-inspiring personality. You watch.

Now, I promised I would return to my Ibsens.

I was watching *The Wild Duck* the other evening, for the fourth time, and in the midst of those heart-breaking laughs an idea popped into my head.

**“WHO,”** I said to myself, “is going to write the American Ibsen plays?”

Now, here's what I meant. Those characters were mostly drawn from the lower middle class. With their silly idiosyncrasies, their sour dreams, their wounding foolishness, their maunderings and their gropings, they represented Life itself. And usually in a dialect, a dialect of the masses. They were funny—and every laugh had a knife in it, a knife laying bare deep inner significances. As O. Henry put it in one of his few unhokumed remarks, here was “a mixture of sobs, sniffles and smiles, with sniffles predominating.” Life, not high tragedy, not high comedy, but a ridiculous *mélange*—the reactions of not highly intelligent folk to a bewildering universe.

Where, then, the American Ibsen play? Not in the works of O'Neill, for his characters are almost always puppets; they are conceived not from observation, but from preconceived ideas. They have no humor

(Continued on page 63)





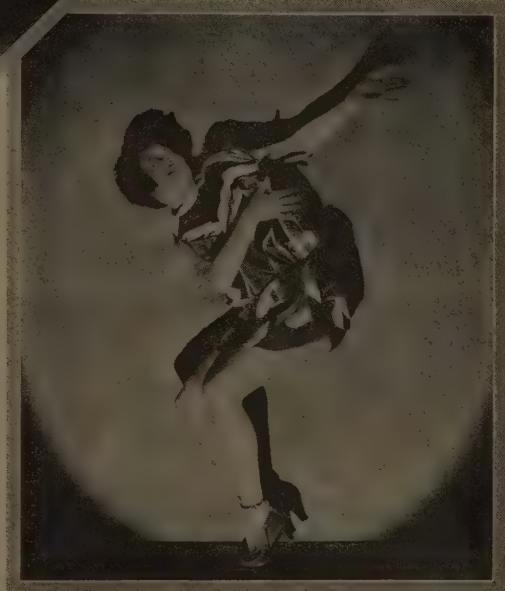
This merry April Fool chorus upsets the theory of sophisticated musical-comedy observers that all ensemble joyousness is stereotyped and that lightness of limb is accompanied by a corresponding intellect



(Center) Feeling that Dumas had not done quite enough for his gallant trio, these rollicking musketeers (Philip Loeb, Sterling Holloway, Romney Brent), equipped with one girlish voice, one abridged sword and one zoo-keeper's badge apiece, "guild" French romance



(Left) Besides giving a startlingly realistic imitation of the heroine of *Fata Morgana*, Sterling Holloway plays leading man to June Cochrane, the *Garrick Gaieties*' versatile "song-and-dance" girl, in a series of revue numbers



(Right) Eleanor Shaler changes miraculously from a comic nymph, laboring with a classic scarf, to an incandescent and hysterically syn-copated goddess of Jazz

Photos by Ira D. Schwarz

## THEATRE GUILD JUNIORS SCINTILLATE IN "GARRICK GAJETIES"

*Much of the Clever Burlesque and Bright Humor of the Young Guilders' Revue is Directed Amiably at Their Distinguished Parent*



# Mirrors of Stageland

*Intimate Glimpses Into the Character and Personality of Broadway's Famous Figures*

By THE LADY WITH THE LORGNETTE



JOHN EMERSON

SEE that tall, slim, well-dressed man?

Yes, I know that every first night at a play and every big banquet discloses at least one tall, slim, well-dressed man. But not all of the type have a dark face that looks saturnine in repose and angelic when it is a smile.

This one, who is so dark that he looks as though he must have come from one of the peninsulas that jut into the Mediterranean, originated instead in Sandusky, Ohio. He is so dark of skin and eye and hair and of such heavy, daily insistent beard that he dare not camp in the woods lest his features become an object of marksmen, because they would be covered with black lichens. Remember your American history well enough to recall "Black Jack," who stalked through it in military clothes? One of the heroic figures of the Civil War? This man is the "Black Jack" of the war between actors and managers that ended in what actors call a victory and the managers a draw.

John Emerson is the man who followed Francis Wilson as president of the Actors' Equity Association. One "Black Jack" fought with brains behind bullets. The other "Black Jack" fought with brains behind ballots.

Look at his hands. Thin and dark and nervous and sensitive. No "mailed fist" that. No wielder of a "Big Stick." But a man who makes the foes of his cause feel the grasp of a hand of steel within a velvet glove.

He has been an actor, a stage director, a manager and an author. He has the characteristics of all. The temperament of the actor, venerated by the finesse and controlled by the authority of the director; the command of the manager; the imagination of the author. And the culture of the collegian. Didn't you know that? Yes indeed, Oberlin College, Western Reserve University, and University of Chicago. He scorns nothing. Not even a dramatic school. He attended the Dramatic School of the Chicago Musical College.

He wrote and acted in and managed a play called *Conspiracy*. Certainly not a perennial. But he shed its failure smiling.

Which recalls what Charles Frohman said of a new office boy, "He will get on. He smiles."

He was a stage manager for Charles Frohman, a post that was in the kingdom of the theatre what Asquith's and Ramsay MacDonald's jobs were in England. It was next to being king.

At that time he was the bachelor beau of Broadway. A heart that was open to all the winds of feminine charms, 'twas said, but closed to every suggestion of marriage.

Then one day he met Someone, and his armor fell. He was no longer a defiant bachelor, sneering at ring and prayer-book, but a suppliant at the feet of charm. They were tiny feet. The owner picked him up at last in pity. And maybe something more. For she is now Mrs. John Emerson.

Yes, that bit of laughing fluff sitting beside him, Anita Loos. But there's no fluff inside that well-shaped head of hers. She helps him write the scenarios of motion pictures. And plays. They wrote *The Whole Town's Talking*, in which Grant Mitchell played. She and her husband once interviewed each other for the press. He asked her why she wrote such bad scenarios and plays. She answered, "Because I have a bum collaborator."

A mouse of a woman, but she'll hold her side of the hearth against the mastiff on the other.

MINNIE DUPREE

THE small woman with a little blonde head that she turns, bird-like, while she talks is Minnie Duprée.

She smiles a lot and she looks vivacious, but she is a little dazed. She was stunned at finding herself signing a contract for an out-of-town engagement. She has been a Broadway favorite for eighteen years. Since, in fact, she played the dual rôle Elspeth and Lady Elizabeth Tyrrell in *The Road to Yesterday*, she has appeared practically every season in a leading rôle in some Broadway success.

Spoiled? Hardly that. No, when a manager talks to Miss Duprée of a tour, she tells him the truth. "There's my apartment. I have a two-years' lease, and my housekeeper—she is my companion and friend as well. She's been with me more than half my life. And Mack. Mack used to play *My Son* on the stage, and now he's grown up and has been graduated from Princeton. I want him to make his home with us. And there's my car. And I don't want to discharge my chauffeur. He's such a good driver. And there are the dogs. Of course the housekeeper can take care of them. She can supply their physical needs. But they grieve for me, and one of them is thirteen years old. So, really, how can I leave New York?"

"For an unmarried woman, you certainly have a lot of responsibilities," said one manager, putting the supplicatory pen back upon its rack.

But this year she's seeing all the professional matinées because she is going on the road. It's because she had her own way at last.

You notice that beneath the wrappings of those soft curves she shows a strong jaw. Last year she and the manager disagreed about her salary. "It's all right for you. You're worth even more," he pleaded when he asked her to create the rôle in New York. "But it's an all-star cast. This happened not to be a long, taxing part.

The part in itself is not worth your usual salary."

She had said in her small, sweet voice "I'm sorry, good-bye." She played two other New York engagements that season, but she kept on thinking of that part.

And the manager kept on thinking of her in the part. He phoned her to call. She flirted a while with the offer. There were others. But the manager signed on the dotted line beneath his promise to pay her usual salary.

"This is what should have been done last year," she said sweetly, and the manager agreed. There's a Scotch forebear somewhere in the ancestral line that gave to her that jaw and that will and a French one that gave her the name Duprée and a most unusual suavity.

In her charity, hospitality and modesty are enormously developed. She read of the plight of Dorothea Antell, the young actress who has been injured by a fall in a theatre and has been an invalid for five years. Miss Duprée has been a weekly visitor to her for the last year. She took all her friends, and her enemies, up to call on the unfortunate girl. I used to be afraid to read the morning papers lest I see that Miss Duprée had dragged some shrieking stranger into her car while she said, "To Miss Antell, Hurbert," and that the stranger had had her arrested for abduction.

She organized a committee to provide for the girl's necessities and herself called upon Mr. Edward F. Albee, with the result that the manager in whose theatre the accident befell Miss Antell sends her an adequate weekly check to cover her needs. She has besieged managerial strongholds and carried them to the extent that some girl who had talent for the stage should have her first chance. She follows up these beginners with telegrams and letters of friendly admonition. And they call her blessed.

But she won't talk about herself and she keeps the crossiest dogs on the American continent. I met one of New York's lawyers at a tea. I said, "You are noted for persuading men and women to tell all about themselves. Let me introduce you to Miss Duprée. I would like to hear you make her talk about herself."

Miss Duprée smiled and dimpled at the lawyer. Across the room I saw him talking much and her smiling a great deal and talking not at all. The one-sided conversation lasted half an hour. He came back to me a chastened, a crestfallen male.

Yet she is an excellent mingler. Society knows and loves her. But she told me she would like to buy a lighthouse, "so that I can get all the ocean I want." I suspect she meant "and all the solitude." But isn't every woman and nearly every man an anomaly?







Murray

LUCILLE CHALFANT AS JENNY LIND

*In her début at the Gaieté-Lyrique this American soprano won Paris with her lovely voice and beauty. Having conquered France, she is now on her way to Germany to sing at the Mozart Musical Festival at Baden*



# A Theatrical Oasis in the Movie Desert

Or Taking the Loss Out of the Los Angeles Drama

By FRANK VREELAND

ORDINARILY Los Angeles is not associated with the spoken drama—only with that impromptu drama that occurs in sudden shootings. Whenever the City of the Angels is mentioned, everyone instantly brightens with recognition of it as the natural habitat of the movies. Until recently, no one suspected that it would proliferate worthwhile dramas, with living, breathing stars acting all over the place, and not making casual personal appearances.

Despite the much advertised climate, any spoken drama that tried to take root in that California soil suffered a frost. This may sound like an attack on the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, but it is unfortunately a fact. True, *Abie's Irish Rose* had flourished there, and *The Fool* had a prosperous run before reaching New York. But austere devotees of the drama in its highest estate might sardonically point out that weeds can make their way anywhere. The point remains that for some time the legitimate drama seemed tottering on its last legs. First-class productions were not only unknown—they weren't even suspected of being possible.

The residents of Los Angeles, for one thing, had got in the habit of attending first-run engagements of the latest special features from the motion picture hives. Openings of such masterpieces of the celluloid art were, in the jargon of the press-agents, "gala occasions"—which, being interpreted, meant that everyone cracked with boiled shirts or wore all the diamonds within reach. Not many seemed to think of attending the desperate performances of such stock companies as struggled sporadically to make themselves heard.

## PROFESSIONALS TAKE HOLD

MOREOVER, many of the spoken performances were given by the clusters of screen stars, who were dabbling again in the audible plays as a means of filling in time between flings at the silent drama. Hence the performances were generally of a casualness. They might almost be likened to week-end parties that suddenly decided, "Let's do a play!" And the inhabitants of Hollywood and its suburb, Los Angeles, felt that there was small profit in seeing their idols stalk through indifferent shows, when they could see them much more cheaply at personal appearances, without the attendant pain. And quite right they were. All in all, the drama was losing caste. Something drastic had to be done.

Then last summer, Louis O. Macloon and Lillian Albertson came along and let a little sunshine into the Los Angeles drama. Miss Albertson is an actress, who has made her presence felt on the New York stage and elsewhere in the country. Macloon has managed theatres throughout the United States, handled Jesse Lynch

Williams' comedy, *Why Not?* when the Equity Players relinquished it in New York, and had years of theatrical experience behind him.

They took over the operation of the Playhouse, the new and splendid theatre just built by the Friday Morning Club, the largest woman's organization in America. Almost without warning they overcame the inertia of the movie-struck public toward the speaking stage, by the simple expedient of presenting such stars of the first magnitude as Doris Keane, Peggy Wood, Pauline Frederick and Taylor Holmes in approved Broadway attractions done with a satin finish.

## THEATRE OF UNUSUAL CHARM

THE theatre itself is so demurely alluring that it captured Miss Albertson in a most reluctant mood. It was on a day when she was hot and tired from directing the rehearsals of *White Collars*, Edith Ellis's play which they put on at another house and which proved to be a hardy hit. Much against her will, her husband insisted on dragging her to this theatre, saying he intended to lease it. Unfinished though it was, its charm overcame all the protests of her tired feet.

It was designed by Allison and Allison, Los Angeles architects, after a very simple yet chastely attractive style, the type that seems to be winning its way more and more. The new Theatre Guild playhouse on Fifty-second Street, New York, follows this style. The decorations are pure Venetian.

On the ceiling of the auditorium are handsome ducal crests, hand decorated. Venetian hangings, red and blue, and blue and gray chairs of cut plush harmonize with the decorative scheme. What soothed and delighted Macloon and Miss Albertson was the suave restraint of the proscaenium. There wasn't a single adipose Cupid to be seen worming his way amongst gilded grapefruits.

To balance the stage and strike one telling note of variety, they placed two tall lanterns on either side of the footlights. These carried out the subdued mediaeval mood distilled by the hammered brass lantern in the lobby, a replica of a famous lamp in St. Mark's Square at Venice.

The house has only one balcony, after the modern manner. A unique feature of this is the cloistered promenade to one side, called, if you please, the triforium. During most of the week it serves for a walk—or possibly even an entr'acte Lovers' Lane, when it is translatable into the "try-for-him." On Saturday night, chairs are set here to catch the overflow attendance, giving the Playhouse an elasticity in seating capacity for which New York managers sigh in vain.

The theatre can accommodate 927 on the lower floor, and 301 in the balcony. Its

1,228 seats make it a good-sized house in this day of theatrical handboxes. It has a commodious stage, 90x28 feet, with a height of 66 feet, giving ample space for anything short of a Morris Gest panoramic pageant.

The theatre, which is conceded to be the prettiest in the district, has sumptuous clubrooms up-stairs frequented by the Friday Morning Club, which uses the theatre itself every Friday morning to keep its members acquainted with one another. They have 3,400 women on their rolls to substantiate their claim to being the most imposing array of organized femininity in the land. Among them are women who are numbered among the wealthiest and most prominent socially in California.

They had planned the Playhouse as an outlet for their own dramatic cravings, and the original estimates set the cost at \$500,000—a good round sum, even for Broadway. By the time Macloon and Miss Albertson appeared on the scene, expenditure had mounted to \$750,000—this, mind you, in real spot cash. The ambitious ladies had enlarged the scope and lustre of their theatre, and were beginning to stand a bit in awe of this big, bouncing baby that they had on their hands.

"Now that the ladies have this theatre," said one good-natured husband to Macloon, "I wish you'd tell them what they're going to do with it." Miss Albertson and her husband had a solution. A week and a half after they first espied it they had taken charge, through arrangements made with Mrs. Florence Kreider, president of the club, and Mrs. Ann Kerckoff, vice-president in charge of the theatre committee. And working with the cordial co-operation of the club, they set about taking the loss out of the Los Angeles drama.

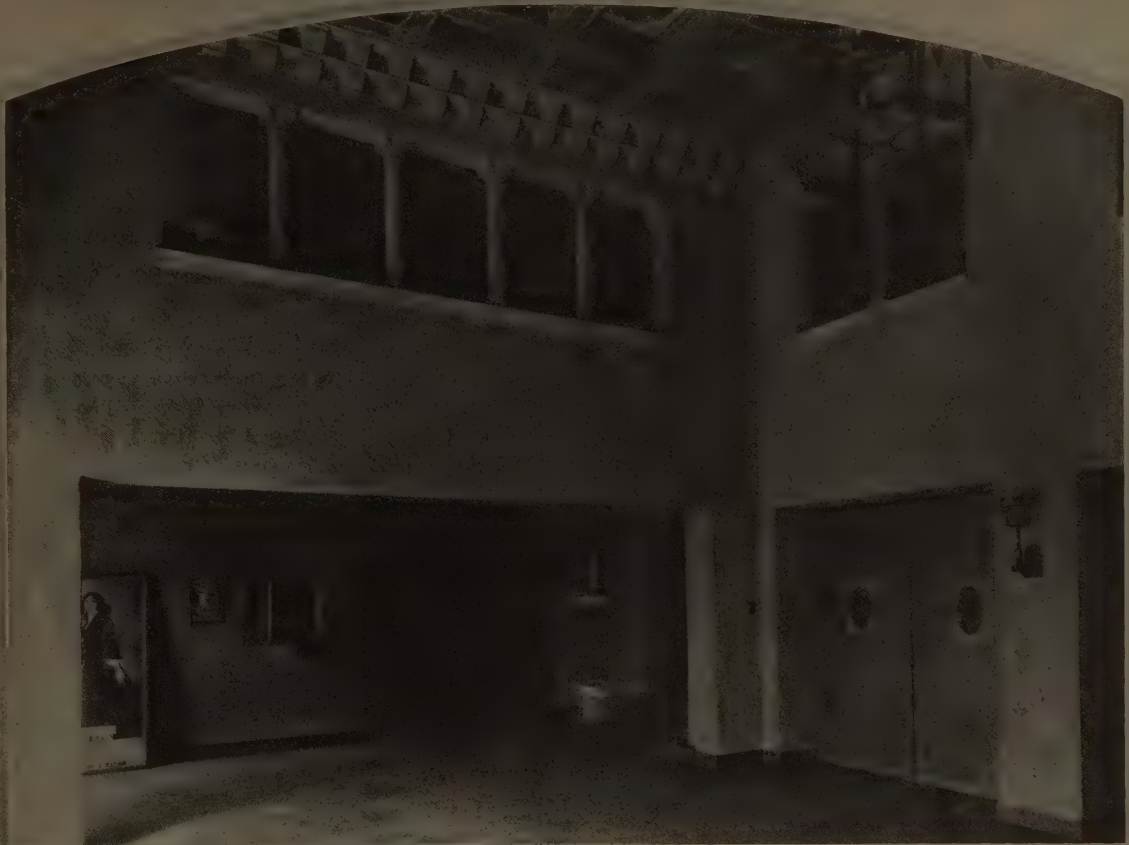
## A STRING OF SUCCESSES

ON May 5, 1924, they opened with Doris Keane in *Romance*. This was the first appearance of Miss Keane on the Pacific coast, and the Los Angeles residents went dizzy with pleasure over her presence for seven weeks—despite its being an entirely different play from *Abie's Irish Rose*. Then followed Pauline Frederick in *Spring Cleaning*, which piled up a run of six weeks, and Taylor Holmes in *The Whole Town's Talking* for six weeks—the latter period being almost an incredible record, when you consider how this comedy just sidled past on Broadway.

Then Macloon, whose business management was coupled with the experienced stage directing of Miss Albertson, gave Trixie Friganza a new veneer of popularity after she had been somewhat snuffed out in vaudeville. He joined his roly-poly comédienne with the beaming Peggy Wood in *The Clinging Vine*, and this musical comedy scampered along for ten weeks, an engagement comparable

(Continued on page 54)





The lobby of "The Playhouse," chastely artistic, and embellished with a ceiling lantern that is a replica of the famous lantern of St. Mark's in Venice

The Venetian Renaissance façade, suggestive of the exterior of the Martin Beck Theatre in New York

## LOS ANGELES' SPLENDID NEW TEMPLE OF SPOKEN DRAMA

*"The Playhouse," Built by a Group of Women, One of the Most Beautiful Theatres in the Country*



# All God's Chillun Got Songs

Paul Robeson and Lawrence Brown Reveal the Wealth of Melody and Emotion of the Negro Folk-Song

By CARL VAN VECHTEN

A FEW years ago—to be precise, it was in November, 1919—a young Negro, Lawrence Brown, attended a concert given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, at which the soloist, Povla Frijsch, sang Ernest Bloch's settings of the 114th and the 137th Psalms. The boy listened to "the very voice of the rejoicing over the passage of the Red Sea, the very lusty blowing on ox horns, the very hieratic dance." He read the statement of the composer in the program notes: "In my music I have tried to express the soul of the Jewish people as I feel it."

On that day race pride was born in the young Negro's breast. Himself a musician, he determined never again to compose, play or sing anything but the music of his own people. Shortly afterwards he went to London as accompanist for Roland Hayes. There, keeping his aim constantly in mind, he studied harmony and composition. Born in Florida, he had visited many other of the Southern States and, wherever it was possible, he had jotted down notes of the Spirituals as he heard them sung in the churches or on the plantations, or the work songs of the Afro-Americans, as he listened to them in the factories or in the fields. These he now undertook to harmonize for voice and piano. Several of his arrangements were published. At length he succeeded in interesting London musicians in his aspirations and gave several concerts of Negro music, not only with singers but with instrumental virtuosi as well, for the broad melody of *Deep River* flows as sweetly from the cello as it does from the human throat.

In America, in the meantime, another Negro boy, Paul Robeson, had graduated from Rutgers College, where he had not only been chosen All-American end for two seasons by Walter Camp, but where he had been elected to Phi Beta Kappa as well. He now entered Columbia Law School, with the intention of becoming an attorney. His voice and his magnificent physique, however, having attracted the attention of a playwright who was producing a play dealing with Negro life, he was engaged to appear in it. Other histrionic opportunities came his way until, at last, Eugene O'Neill wrote his drama, *All God's Chillun Got Wings*, with this actor particularly in mind. After *All God's Chillun* had run its course, *The Emperor Jones* was revived for him.

NEVERTHELESS, Robeson was not altogether satisfied with the prospect of the limited career that the theatre offered him. Not many Negro plays were being written and not all that were written were suitable for a black man over six feet tall. Fortunately, his gifts were abundant. Aside from his athletic and scholastic prowess and his talent for acting, he was

the possessor of a natural bass voice, clear, resonant, of an exceptionally pleasing quality and of considerable range. Before his appearance in O'Neill's plays he had for a period substituted for the bass singer with the Four Harmony Kings in *Shuffle Along*. A little later, at the Plantation, where Florence Mills was the star, he had sung Rosamund Johnson's *L'il Gal*. He might



A. R. Steiner

## PAUL ROBESON

Who attracted wide attention as the hero of *All God's Chillun Got Wings* and whose singing of the Negro Spirituals has caused him to be likened to Chaliapin

have gone on indefinitely singing ballads in cabarets, but he aimed higher. It was his ambition to sing Negro Spirituals. He studied a number of them and sang them, without accompaniment, for his friends, who urged him to announce a concert. He desired to follow this advice, but hesitated, modestly doubtful if he alone could enlist the attention of an audience throughout an entire evening.

At this psychological moment Lawrence Brown, the Florida boy who had spent four years in London, returned to New York. Paul Robeson had already met him when the actor had visited London to play Mary Hoyt Wiborg's *Taboo* with Mrs. Patrick Campbell. On their reunion, discovering their ideals to be identical, they questioned one another: Why should they not work together? They began to practise immediately, and a little over a month later, very unpretentiously, without any advertising, save a printed announcement sent to a few friends, they gave their first concert at the Greenwich Village Theatre. The result was unexpectedly gratifying. Not only were all the seats sold, scores of prospective

listeners were turned away. That was in April of the current year. Two weeks later, in May, they offered a second program with similar success. Still a third concert was given in a larger auditorium. It was evident that the public was prepared to receive them.

What causes had contributed to this success? They had consistently followed their original idea. The program was composed entirely of Negro music, including three groups of Spirituals and one of secular songs. The auditors, who reasonably may have expected that the result would be monotony, must have been amazed at the variety in the entertainment, for the program embraced such expressions of wistful resignation as *By an' By* and *Steal Away*, such tragic utterances as *Go Down, Moses*; such joyously abandoned melodies as *I'll be a witness for my Lord* and *Joshua fit de battle ob Jericho*, and such examples of sardonic, secular humor as *Scandalize my name*:

"I met my sister the other day;  
I gave her my right han'  
An' jes' as soon as my back was turned,  
She sca-andalize my name.  
You call dat a sister?  
No! No!  
You call dat a sister?  
No! No!  
You call dat a sister?  
No! No!  
Sca-andalize my name!"

Furthermore, the performers made an attempt to capture as much of the traditional evangelical rendering of the Spirituals as would be consistent with the atmosphere of the concert hall. Not only did they sing in dialect—in contradistinction to the refined English renderings heard not only from white singers but also from too many Negroes—but they likewise indulged in the characteristic vocal peculiarities of Negro inflection. The Negro Spirituals were—and still are under primitive conditions—sung in harmony by a chorus, one voice leading with a verse to which the chorus responds. In the concerts I am discussing Paul Robeson undertook the solo parts while Lawrence Brown sang the choral responses, the piano filling in the harmonies.

PAUL ROBESON, I think, is a fine artist, as fine an artist in his way as Yvette Guilbert. There are times when he reminds me, in the poignant simplicity of his art, of Chaliapin. It is typical of his acting that he never appears to be using his full prepotence. His postures and gestures and the volume of his voice are under such complete control and such studied discipline that he always suggests the possession of a great reserve force. He is a fine actor, as anyone will testify who saw him in *The Emperor Jones*, in the rôle of the Negro  
(Continued on page 63)





Adolpho Best-Maugard, the Mexican artist, who designed the costumes and settings for Pavlova's Flower Ballet, has exhibited his paintings in New York with the Independent Artists. He is the author of a new system for teaching applied design which has met with amazing success in the public schools of Mexico, and enthusiastically endorsed by noted educators in America

Anna Pavlova nowhere has more enthusiastic audiences than in Mexico City, where she dances each year for an extended engagement. She has put something of the gaiety and abandonment of the Latin-American temperament into her new Flower Ballet, wherein she glorifies the flower vendors, who strike such a picturesque note in the Mexican market-places

### ANNA PAVLOVA'S NEW FLOWER BALLET

*The Ever-admired Russian Achieves a New Triumph in Mexico Against the Brilliant and Exotic Back-drop Designed For Her by Adolpho Best-Maugard*



# This Year's Pulitzer Prize Play



Bruguère

Tony (Richard Bennett) has become entirely dependent upon his wife, Amy (Pauline Lord), who has grown very fond of the old man she married three months before

## They Knew What They Wanted

A Comedy in Three Acts by Sidney Howard

*THIS mature and sophisticated comedy is the high-water mark in the development of its author as one of America's most promising dramatists. The vivid characterization and the candor of its dialogue, which has been criticized in some quarters for its occasional brutal frankness, are, nevertheless, sincere and essential elements in the drama. The play has been awarded the coveted Pulitzer Prize as the best dramatic production of the past year. The leading rôles are superbly portrayed by Richard Bennett as Tony, Pauline Lord as Amy and Glenn Anders as Joe. The following condensation is printed by permission of the author, the Theatre Guild, producers, and Doubleday, Page & Co., publishers of the play in book form. Copyright, 1925, by Sidney Howard*

### THE CAST

(As produced at the Garrick Theatre by the Theatre Guild)

Joe	Glenn Anders
Father McKee	Charles Kennedy
Ah Gee	Allen Atwell
Tony	Richard Bennett
The R. F. D.	Robert Cook
Amy	Pauline Lord
Angelo	Jacob Zollinger
Giorgio	Edward Hogan
The Doctor	Charles Tazewell
First Italian Mother	Frances Hyde
Her Daughter	Antoinette Bizzoco
Second Italian Mother	Peggy Conway
Her Son	Anthony Calabro

ALL three acts take place in the general living- and dining-room of Tony's house in the Napa Valley, California. Tony is an elderly Italian wine-grower, whose business has profited hugely since the advent of prohibition. His household consists of Ah Gee, a Chinese cook; Joe, a good-looking, young roustabout, who has drifted in to work during the harvest, and two Italian farm-hands.

His sudden affluence has determined Tony to take a wife in his declining years, and a visit to San Francisco, during which he became smitten with a young waitress in a restaurant, has resulted in a successful, long-distance courtship. The day has come for the bride-elect's arrival, and Tony is suffering the usual bridegroom's symptoms of nervousness and trepidation.

For a week preparations have been under

way. The bare little room has been scrubbed and decorated and a fancy wedding-cake, with tiny figures of a bride and groom, stands resplendently on the center table. As train time approaches, Father McKee, priest of the parish, comes over for the impending ceremonies. He is a rather cynical man who has never looked with favor on Tony's venture. A man of Tony's years should not be thinking of a wife, or, if he did, why couldn't he take one from his own parish instead of going all the way to Frisco and picking out some woman he knows nothing about?

But Tony explains that the women of the parish are none of them to his liking; moreover, Joe has slept with most of them, which is hardly a recommendation in their favor.

TONY: I got my fine house. I got Joe for bein' foreman; I got two men for halpin' Joe. I got one Chink for cook. I got one Ford car. I got all I want, everathing except only wife. Now I'm goin' have wife. Verra nice an' young an' fat. Not for work. No! For sit an' holdin' da han's and havin' kids. Three kids (*demonstrates the altitudes of each*), Antonio, . . . Giuseppe, . . . Anna. . . . Da's like trees an' cows an' all good peoples. . . . Da's fine for God an' everabody! I tell you, Padre, Tony know what he want!

FATHER MCKEE (*playing trump card*): Whatever made you think a man of your age could have children? (*This staggers Tony.*) I tell you, Tony, it ain't possible.

TONY: Eh? Tony is too old for havin' kids? I tell you, Tony can have twent' kids if he want! I tell you Tony have kids when he is one hundra' years old. *Dio mio!*

This settles matters for the time being. The Ford car is waiting at the steps, and Tony has fortified himself for his trip to the depot with numerous and ample draughts of vino. As he starts to leave he turns to Joe with a worried countenance.

TONY: Joe . . . You don't get mad if I ask you som'thing? I got verria good reason. . . . Joe, how soon you goin' away?

JOE: You don't want me to go, do you?

TONY (*nods vigorously*): I think ees better.

JOE: What's the idea?

TONY: Joe . . . som'thing is happen', . . . da's all. You go, Joe. I been tryin' for three days to ask you dees, Joe, an' I been scare' you get mad. Joe, I pay you double extra for goin' to-day, . . . for goin' now, eh, Joe? . . . Verra quick?

JOE: And miss the festa? Like hell! Forget it, Tony.

TONY (*goes to door, still worried*): Som'thing verria bad is goin' to happen to Tony. . . . Clean everathing. (*Points to room.*) Clean before my Amy com'.

He staggers out the door and a moment later the Ford disappears around a bend in the road. Father McKee takes the occasion to air his doubts to Joe, but the latter stands up valiantly for his boss.





De Mirjian Studios

MARY ELLIS

*It was a fortunate day for musical comedy when this lovely singer decided to bring to the rôle of Rose Marie the rich background of her four years with the Metropolitan Opera Company and her training under David Belasco and Henry Miller*



JOE: I ain't so sure you're goin' to have any trouble. Amy looks to me like a fair to middlin' smart kid, an' she knows what she's in for, too. FATHER MCKEE: You seem to be well informed, Joe. Do you know the lady?

JOE: I ain't never laid eyes on her. (*The implication percolates.*) Oh, I may go chasin' women plenty, but I don't chase Tony's wife, see? An' I ain't fixin' to, neither! Just get that straight.

It is apparent that Joe has a real affection for his kindly old benefactor. Having acted as intermediary, to the extent of writing Tony's letters for him, Joe has a first-hand knowledge of the lady.

JOE: Tony goes to Frisco lookin' for a wife, see? The nut! An' he finds Amy waitin' on table in a spaghetti joint. Joint's called Il Trovatore—can you beat it? He ain't even got the nerve to speak to her. He don't even go back to see her again. He just falls for her, gets her name from the boss an' comes home an' makes me write a letter, proposin' marriage. . . . Here's her answer. (*Takes letter from desk*)

FATHER MCKEE (*studying the document*): It's good, clear writin'. It's a good letter. It looks like she's got more character than what I thought. . . . She says she likes the country, does she? She wants Tony's photo.

Joe describes the difficulty he had in persuading Tony to get his picture taken. When the camera was pointed at him, he gave a yell and ran out into the street.

JOE: I couldn't get him back, only I promised to let the guy shoot me first. . . . They was some pictures. Tony's (*hands specimen to the Padre*) sure looks like him, but she must have seen somethin' in it because she sent her's right back. (*Studies Amy's photograph a moment.*) Here—not bad, huh?

They are interrupted by the entrance of the R. F. D. postman, an ancient, tobacco-chewing countryman, who seems excited. Where's Tony? He has a special piece of registered mail for him.

JOE: What is it?

THE R. F. D.: It's his wife. . . . Sure. I got her outside in the buckboard, an' she's madder'n hell 'cause Tony didn't meet her. She's some girl, too. . . . I reckoned Tony couldn't get his Ford started, so I picked her up at the station and brought her on.

AMY enters. She is small, plump and vivid, cheaply but becomingly dressed and seems a little provoked at Tony's remissness. She is also a trifle embarrassed, but manages to hide it. AMY: I must say it ain't my idea of the way a gentleman ought to welcome his bloomin' bride. I don't get it. What was the matter?

JOE: Why, nothin'.

FATHER MCKEE: He was scared.

AMY: Who? Scared of me? Why didn't you come yourself?

JOE: I wanted to, but— (*The decorations have caught Amy's eye.*)

AMY: Say, did you folks go and do all this for the wedding? Well, if that ain't the cutest ever! A regular wop wedding. . . . Excuse me, I meant Italian. Say, I can see right now, I'm going to like it here.

JOE: I don't guess nobody's goin' to kick at that.

AMY: All right. I'll forgive you. That's the way I am. I always believe in letting bygones be bygones.

The farm-hands and Ah Gee come in and are

introduced, and presently Father McKee and the postman leave. They tell Joe they will look out for Tony on the way down. In the meantime Joe had better stay and entertain the lady. AMY: I ain't sorry they went. I think they ought to have done it sooner an' let us get acquainted. They got me all fussed up starin' that way. I was a mile up in the air. . . . I guess I must have sounded kind of fresh. I wouldn't want you to think I was fresh.

JOE: I didn't.

AMY: I'm glad you didn't. You know, I like it up here already. An' the view! Gee, it certainly is a pretty sight. Coming up I could taste the wind way down inside me. It made me think of where I used to live.

In the ensuing talk Amy unburdens her heart.



Bruguiera

#### "THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED"

Recovering from his fury upon learning that Joe (*Glenn Anders*) is to be the father of Amy's child, Tony begs her to remain with him, and Joe continues on his wanderings

Her life has evidently not been a pleasant one. She draws Joe out and learns much of his wandering existence. What did he think of a girl coming all the way up there by herself, to marry a man she hadn't seen—only his photograph?

JOE: You couldn't have picked a better man.

AMY: Say! Don't get a swelled head, will you.

JOE: Who, me?

AMY: Oh, no, nobody. But I guess you're right. The minute I came in I knew I was all right. Why, I feel just as comfortable as if we was old friends. . . . I guess we'll get used to each other in time. Don't you think we will, Tony?

JOE: Tony? Jesus, I ain't . . . oh, Jesus!

His words are lost in the roar of a Ford motor approaching the house. A minute later Father McKee and the postman come in, carrying the prostrate form of Tony. His car went off the bridge a mile down the road, and they found him in two feet of water, with both legs broken. They stretch him out in a chair, and the old Italian opens his eyes.

TONY: Amy? Ees all right, Joe? You been mak' evrathing all right?

JOE: Sure. . . . Everything's fine.

TONY: Where is my Amy? (*Sees where she is standing, dumbfounded, against the wall.*) Ah-h-h, Amy! Amy, don't stand way off there.

Come over here for shake han's. (*Amy shakes her head.*) You not mad with me, Amy? (*Amy shakes her head again.*) Amy's not mad with me, Joe?

JOE: Nobody's mad—don't you worry.

TONY: Den we have weddin' jus' de same? (*The doctor appears in the door.*)

Tony is carried into the adjoining room and Amy turns angrily to Joe. Who is that old guy? . . . Why, that's Tony. . . . Of all the dirty, low-down tricks!

AMY (*taking photo from bag and holding out*): Is this your photo or isn't it?

JOE (*in amazement*): Where did you get it?

AMY: Where do you think I got it?

JOE: Good God! Tony didn't send you this, did he? For God's sake, did Tony send you this? He musta been plumb crazy. He's like a puppy, Tony is; honest, Amy, he ain't nothin' but a kid. He didn't mean no harm.

Amy asks Joe to get her trunk and her suitcase. When he returns with the articles, however, there is a grim, set expression on her face.

AMY: I ain't going—

JOE: What?

AMY: I ain't going. Why should I go? I like the country. This place suits me all right. It's just what I was lookin' for. Besides, I give up my job back there; I ain't got any money. I might as well stick. I guess he ain't so bad at that. If he wants to marry me, I'm game. I'm game to see it through. It's nice up here.

THE second act occurs later that evening.

The wedding has taken place and the yard outside is full of neighbors celebrating the fiesta. The doctor has allowed Tony to be moved into the living-room. It is dark. Two oil lamps illuminate the interior, while paper lanterns hang outside. The doctor has informed Tony that it will be at least six months before he regains the use of his legs.

TONY: Doc, I'm goin' ask you something and you goin' tell jus' da trut.

DOCTOR: I know what's on your mind, Tony. . . . If you keep quiet and take care of yourself, you'll have all the kids you want.

TONY: How many?

DOCTOR: Ten, anyway.

TONY: Three is playnta.

Joe comes in and Tony anxiously questions him about the substituted photograph.

TONY: You gotta tell me. . . . She's pretty goddam mad, eh?

JOE: Well, if she was, she got over it.

TONY: W'at I goin' to do for mak' evrathing all right, Joe?

JOE: If you want to square things, you better make Amy glad you done what you done. What most women wants is a good safe home—and I guess she's got that. And she's a fine little woman, too.

TONY: You think? (*Pause.*) Look, Joe. (*Draws a plush box from under his blanket.*) Present for Amy. You open him.

JOE (*obeying*): Say! Them's what I call regular earrings. Real diamonds?

TONY: He's cost four hundred dollar'. . . . You think Amy like?

JOE: She'll be crazy about 'em. You're a pretty wise old wop, Tony.

Amy is summoned. She is wearing her wedding dress and veil. She presents a pretty but rather pathetic picture. She is not quite ready to meet Tony's amorous advances, but does not wish to offend the old man.

(Continued on page 58)





Goldberg

Blanche Yurka played with stirring simplicity and powerful directness the rôle of patient, prosaic Gina in the recent revival of *The Wild Duck*, proving thereby that not all Ibsen women yearn to go mountain-climbing on sky-scrapers or target-shooting in the "front" parlor



Goldberg

In the Stagers' production of *Rosmersholm*, Margaret Wycherly gave an artistically subdued interpretation of Rebecca West, that passionately determined "new" woman of the eighties, who found that living with ancestral portraits and watching a phantom horse was not conducive to the highest "freedom"

## WOMEN OF IBSEN

*Believing With Sophocles and Shakespeare, That Be It Ever So Humble, There's Nothing Like Tragedy to Stir an Audience, the "Little Giant of the North" Deprives One Woman of a Child and Flings Another Into the Mill-Race*



# It's Looks That Count

*Famous Beauties Who Admit Their Beauty Made Them Famous*

By ARCHIE BELL

LILY LANGTRY (Lady de Bathe), who at many times during her long career has crowded the front-page columns of the world's newspapers for leading position, said to me: "Clothes may make the man, as has been said, but 'looks' make the woman." She knew, from personal experience. Had she looked like the other girls, the Jersey Lily might have remained in Jersey. And she knew it well enough. As it was, she was beautiful enough to attract the admiration of the heir to the British throne. High society craned its neck to obtain as much as a peep at her. Drawing-rooms where she was a guest were crowded. Her photographs were on view everywhere and her name was known throughout the world. Yet Lily Langtry was poor, desperately poor, for one in her station of life.

Attachments by law and auction sales deprived her even of the small personal trinkets to which she was attached. "The crowning sorrow of all seemed to me to be when they sold my skates, my favorite ice skates," she told me, "and I always have wondered whence came the small amount of food that I ate. For years I was anemic and needed something as a blood-builder. My faithful Italian maid found means of procuring claret wine for me to drink in those terrible days; and this was a luxury that I never shall forget."

Yet these days of poverty were at a time when Lily Langtry was a name well known to readers of English throughout the world. It was at a time when Queen Victoria was sitting at a window in Buckingham Palace, waiting to see the Jersey Lily pass by on horseback—thus naming the hour at which fashionable London took to horseback-riding.

Of this latter she said to me: "I believe that nothing ever made me happier in my life, nothing gave me greater satisfaction and pride than when the Prince of Wales told me that his imperial mother waited in the window for two hours one day, watching for me to pass."

"Why not capitalize this popularity?" asked Mrs. Langtry's good friend, old Edmund Yates. "They'll do anything to have a glimpse at you. You need money. Why not become an actress and give them the opportunity to look at you from seats in the theatre, if they purchase a seat at the box-office?"

## MRS. LANGTRY BECOMES AN ACTRESS

IT was thus that Lily Langtry turned her beauty to substantial financial account, thus that she became an actress. Whistler had once said to her that she should be an artist. Oscar Wilde had suggested that there should be some way in which she could turn her beauty and wit to financial gain, another had suspected that she could make at least a small fortune as a landscape gardener; but Yates was the first to men-

tion the stage of the dramatic theatre. And with the assistance of a friend, Yates came to her with a contract that named a large figure as salary. The wheels were set in motion. His Royal Highness announced that he would attend the first performance, which was a veritable summons for his circle to do likewise. Lily Langtry's beauty won the day (or night), and thenceforth she was an actress, a personage with ample financial means, one whose beauty disarmed the stern dramatic critics, many of whom approached her performances with melancholy expectations, but went away to write columns of praise.

## BEAUTY PAYS DOLLARS AND CENTS

"LOOKS make the woman," Mrs. Langtry said, reverting to the remark first recorded. "Let me give you another personal proof. Fill the stage as you will, have there as many women as you desire, let me go upon the stage, and I will guarantee that three-fourths of the eyes in the auditorium will be directed upon me."

She was beautiful and not only that, she knew it and admitted it, knew the value of beauty. She was not vain, not even vulgarly boastful—for she could not have been vulgar had she tried—but amazingly frank.

I encountered the same, almost innocent frankness, when I told another international celebrity, Lina Cavalieri, the Roman operatic diva, that she seemed to be the most beautiful woman I ever had seen. "God made me that way," she replied as calmly as if the topic of conversation had been the Bay of Naples or the Venus di Milo. La Cavalieri also knew that beauty pays in dollars and cents. It was her beauty that attracted the attention of admirers, even connoisseurs, of beauty, when she was little more than a street singer, and assisted her up the difficult ladder to the Opera at Paris.

The rejoinder often comes to one advancing these theories of the advantages of beauty that the greatest actresses have not been beautiful, Charlotte Cushman, Sarah Bernhardt, Eleonora Duse and the others. This argument reminds me of what the celebrated Polish pianist, Vladimir De Pachmann, once told me. He frankly admitted that he was the best living pianist, from all the standards by which pianists may be judged, but he added that if he had known how to play and practice at twenty, as he knew at sixty, he would have become the greatest pianist of all time. In the same way one may contemplate the added celebrity, charm and popularity of the great actresses, if nature had made them beautiful.

Maxine Elliott grew fretful whenever she heard a reference to her beauty. She is a woman of intelligence—yes, of great intellectual force—and she longed for the public to recognize histrionic gifts which

assuredly were not hers. Her beauty had done more than anything else to raise her to stellar prominence in the theatre, and she was aware of it; she was unsatisfied with the recognition that she received once she had arrived at stardom and admitted that she regretted the beauty that had done so much to make her famous. She could not deny that her cold, statuesque beauty had brought her to the attention of the public and held her there; but there was sincere regret that she had not reached the goal by other means.

Another famous beauty who rebelled against the contour of her face was Edna May, at one time celebrated in Europe and America as the star of *The Belle of New York*. She, too, would have tried loftier histrionic flights and wrote to me: "I wish I were ugly as an owl, for that is the ugliest-looking thing I know of," adding that she wanted to be recognized as an actress and not merely as "beautiful." And in her particular case, it seemed ungrateful, for Edna May enjoyed an eventful career, and but for the fascinating and beautiful face, she might have spent her life among the great unknown.

The world worships beauty as it did in the days of ancient Egypt, when people bowed before the shrine of Hathor at Dendera or wherever Aphrodite and Venus were enthroned. It may have ceased to be a religion or cult; but the worshippers are legion, and they go to the theatre as a temple in which they will find feminine beauty upon a pedestal. Imagine the charm or fascination of an Irene Bordon, Billie Burke, Mary Garden or Lenore Ulric, if bereft of the facial beauty that has intoxicated a nation of theatregoers! Grant them all of the histrionic or vocal ability that they possess, still they would have labored under a tremendous handicap if obliged to greet the public at their debuts with the faces of Marie Dressler, Madam Schumann-Heink or the late Queen Victoria!

## LOOKS MAKE THE WOMAN

BEAUTY may be skin deep—not always even so much as that to the artist with the make-up brush—but as Mrs. Langtry said, "Looks make the woman." At least, it contributes over fifty per cent. to the success and popularity of the stage woman; thus its possession is something worthy of almost prayerful consideration by all other women.

Stage women frankly capitalize their beauty—as do others, although people may not be so well aware of it in the case of others. What prompts the dollars to flow over a box-office counter at the theatre may be a possession that gives an æsthetic or even spiritual thrill to family, friends or unknown onlookers; but it is an asset all the same, something for which any woman on earth should be grateful.





© Wescosco Studios

Leatrice Joy as Marie Antoinette, in a series of historical personages shortly to be published

© Wescosco Studios

Norma Shearer embodies Du Barry among the personages who have left their mark on time

© Wescosco Studios

Priscilla Dean, taking her place with other stellar luminaries as one of the ladies known to fame, here portrays Madame Pompadour

## HISTORICAL BEAUTIES

*Heroines of the Screen Impersonating Charming Women of French History*

(Studies by William Mortensen)



# S · C · R · E · E · N · L · A · N · D

*The Desert Flower. Beggar on Horseback. Old Home Week*

By FRANK VREELAND

**T**HE DESERT FLOWER is a romantic comedy suitable for light summer wear, because the producers have refused to take seriously the stage original, a melodrama done in the grand bow-wow style of the Westerns. Instead, they have taken a cue from the fact that the little mother, played on the screen by Colleen Moore, occupied a box car as a home with her baby sister and surly stepfather, and they have availed themselves of the opportunities for ingenuity offered by this rambling residence.

The whole picture is ingenious, even to the point of cuteness, as part of it glorifies the American hobo's abode. Maggie Fortune seems to have the craft of an Edison in devising means for taking a shower-bath from a rain barrel atop the freight-car, for rocking the baby while also sudsing the wash, and for manipulating other contrivances usually associated with the model two-by-four flat. The dexterous Buston Keaton might have been the consulting engineer on all these devices.

But surely such amusing neatness is infinitely preferable to wringing the glycerine bottle dry, as the original did. In her passages at arms with her besotted stepfather, Miss Moore resorts to saucy *gaminerie*, rather than to the emotional heaves of melodrama. Even her wistful but slightly grimy romance with the prodigal son of a railroad magnate, in whom she ultimately infuses a backbone, is done with a light and sagacious touch, and only once or twice does Miss Moore find it necessary to whip up her emotions. The shooting of her stepfather after she runs away to a dance hall and he tries to break up her happiness, has its comic side, heightened when everyone chivalrously makes the conventional claim of having pulled the trigger to save Maggie, and the Sheriff judgmentally declares, "It's a plain case of suicide."

There is much amiable satire in that sterilized dance hall, with the rough characters who just dote on babies and the radio. Lloyd Hughes is a serious foil for the simmering, shimmering Miss Moore.

## BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK

**T**HIS picture illustrates the opposite extreme from *The Desert Flower*—that of a good play gone wrong on the screen. As George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly wrote it for the stage, it was a delightful fantasy, smartly expressed, full of the spirit of a Barrie who had been attending classes at the expressionistic school. But as a photoplay much of the champagne sparkle of its laughter has solidified into a sticky gelatine.

The quaintly humorous symbolism of its dream portion lags, and instead of being sprightly entertainment, an allegory done with a finger to the nose, it becomes just painstaking symbolism, teaching us all a lesson—including big business—and making us all, dear friends, better men and women, etc. The young composer, torn between the desire for musicianly glory and the practical comfort afforded by a mar-

who frees himself from the shackles of commercialism via the dream route, to the greater glory of the new Freudism. Indeed, all the rôles have been filled with insight and the right actors, but the chief merit in the film lies in the chance it gives Esther Ralston of the rose-petal beauty to melt and purr through the film as the bid-dable girl who wins the composer in the last turn of fortune's reel.

## WELCOME HOME

**M**UCH the same fate has befallen another Kaufman opus, *Welcome Home*, written by this young author in collaboration with Edna Ferber and given a stage airing as *Minick*. In theatrical guise it had a fair success with its story of the young married couple who are maddened to the point of desperation by the husband's father, come to stay with them and determined to be exasperatingly helpful.

Its celluloid version is pleasant enough, but not more so than a social afternoon with old friends. There are many veracious little touches—the scramble for the Sunday paper, the annoyance of waiting turns for the weekly bath, the meeting of the women's circle hell-bent on regenerating the world. But the adapters of the film translation seem intent upon enveloping the story in a water-tight construction, rather than developing odd and piquant sidelights on characters which give the spectator a fresh sense of discovering human nature all over again. Lois Wilson and Warner Baxter portray the young couple in the naturalistic key demanded by this domestic comedy, but Luke Cosgrave lacks the gentle wistfulness which O. P. Heggie brought to the father's rôle, and contributes little that is worthy of comment except a foaming billow of whiskers.

## OLD HOME WEEK

**O**LD HOME WEEK, on the other hand, is much better than *The Easy Mark*, the play which was its little brother—or maybe weak sister—on the stage. Thomas Meighan's latest vehicle will probably convince the legions of Meighan admirers that all is still right with the world, just like any picture through which the affable Tommy has lately worried with a smile on his lips.

Attributed in its genesis to George Ade, Meighan's close friend, the story unfurls the return to his native town of a failure, who manages to outwit a couple of oil sharks with a sample of their own trickery and win back from them the funds which have been invested by the townspeople, who never seem to read the papers. There are a number of ingeniously humorous



Mary Pickford as the twelve-year-old street urchin in *Little Annie Rooney*, a United Artists production, will be seen in the type of "Tomboy" picture in which she won fame many years ago

riage to a stodgy heiress, appears to be rather a vapid person, the football of fate, instead of becoming as in his stage prototype a valiant but slightly comic Sir Galahad, with a paper-cutter for his trusty blade Excalibur.

The photography is marvelously adept, except for an occasional jerkiness in the dissolves into dreamland, but a huge, startling vista of a jazz wedding in a nightmare church can't bring a throb to the temple of the film fan. James Cruze, because of his success with the satirical film, *Hollywood*, was chosen to handle this skittish pea-shooting at smug big business. But again it is made evident that satire, on the screen as on the stage, is as ticklish material as dynamite, and just as liable to go off in the wrong direction. And dialogue which seemed before the footlights to be something to treasure up for your grandchildren becomes, on the silver sheet, something which hardly seems worth repeating to your iceman.

Edward Everett Horton depicts with fine discrimination the young composer





DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS AS DON Q

*Attired in a Romantic Costume, This Film Idol Does Not Confine Himself Exclusively to Spanish Petting-parties, but Varies His Activities by Scaling Royal Walls, Killing a Bull or Two and Being Delightfully Breezy and Melodramatic by Turns*



touches in the oil boom, but the picture is not designed to jolt the motion-picture public during the warm weather. Meighan acts his typical rôle of the much-discredited hero doggedly ploughing his way through all opposition, and winning out with a triumphant aiming of the index finger at the scoundrels.

#### I'LL SHOW YOU THE TOWN

**C**OLLEGE professors are stepping out. Not only do they know how to treat the ladies to a good time at a gaudy cabaret, as revealed in Reginald Denny's new picture, but they are able to pay the check without apparent paralysis to their salary. Such a picture thereby becomes truly educational. It ought to lead numerous young men to change their ambitions and become college professors after all.

Moreover, so much a man of the world is this professor in the hands of Denny, that he can go through the motions of paying the check without the semblance of a bitter thought in his heart. Perhaps that might be considered a result of the natural meekness assigned to this academic soul—and yet Denny does not play him with any Uriah Heep humility. He makes the professor seem rather like a playwright spending rich royalties on Broadway and thrusting an inquisitive nose deeper into life.

It is an unflaggingly sprightly yarn of the young instructor who seeks to wheedle charity donations for his college from a wealthy widow by taking her about, and thereby becomes deeply involved with his newly acquired sweetheart and a stray butterfly from his next-door apartment. It is worth telling even if an occasional stuffed dummy from the theatrical storage house has to be introduced. Somehow you know that the irate, bulging husband of a misunderstood wife who has fled to the professor's apartment will turn up and create as much hubbub for that young man as a pack of unleashed lions in the usual comedy. Somehow, also, you know that the long-suffering professor will suddenly assert himself and become a bit of a man-eating tiger himself. And yet Denny, graciously abetted by the winsome Marion Nixon and an alert cast, puts a whole-souled geniality into the rôle, and an unforced pantomimic attractiveness, which leaves a bubbling wake of chuckles.

#### DRUSILLA WITH A MILLION

**O**CASIONALLY a box-office success becomes allied with a spirit of decent observance for the artistic verities, and the result is a handsome film offspring. The term offspring is used advisedly of this picture, for it is filled with nothing else but. This adaptation of a popular novel simply exudes infants.

It has the much-sought heart interest, and yet this is handled in such a bright, understanding way, with the frequent filip of humor, that there are few traces of soapy sentiment. Much dexterous splicing together combines two concurrent stories, that of the appealing little orphan miss who marries the wayward son of a millionaire, only to be forced from

him by a catty ex-fiancée, and that of the plaintive elderly drudge of an old women's home, who is enabled through a chance bequest to answer that cry from the heart, "What wouldn't I do with a million dollars!" In this case it enables old Drusilla to begin adopting all the stray babies within reach. The resultant scandalizing of her aristocratic neighbors, and the uniting of the young couple through one of the babies, is a skillful bit of photoplay assembling, with a powerful court-room scene to wring whatever tears Mary Carr, here acting with more judiciousness than ever before, hasn't brought to the surface. Ken-



Charlie Chaplin as the ambitious young knight in his forthcoming picture, *The Gold Rush*, finds that a moustache, a cane and a derby are of little practical value in the snowy spaces of Alaska

neth Harlan makes himself generally agreeable as the auto-smashing prodigal, while Priscilla Bonner brings a lucid sympathy to the Cinderella rôle.

#### BLACK CYCLONE

**F**OR once a star, better than his picture, carries it along with him and gallops away with the honors. For the stellar actor of *Black Cyclone* is a horse. His director, Hal Roach, has utilized him, a mare and another stallion to provide an equine triangle which parallels a human triangle laid in the West, thereby furnishing an unconscious and delicious burlesque of the sort of Western picture in which a broad and honest flannel shirt triumphs over a black and dastardly Stetson. It is the usual type of mechanical cowboy melodrama, in which the hero, losing his horse during a mad chase of the black-guard who abducts his girl, prays to heaven for another steed, whereupon the Almighty sends Rex trotting out of the celestial stable reserved for such purposes. The chief interest centers in the animal cast, for besides the horses, there is a pack

of wolves, a jaguar and a comic donkey who might be an asinine Charlie Chaplin. A report filtered through trade circles recently that all the animals used were really toy models, but this seems incredible because their surroundings looked very real, and because all their motions had a smooth flow which could not be derived from jerky mechanical replicas.

#### THE RAINBOW TRAIL

**S**PEAKING of animal pictures, there's Tom Mix in *The Rainbow Trail*. There is rather less of Tony and rather more of Tom in this picture, and it would almost seem as if the noted star were coming to look just a little askance at the equal fame being acquired by his pony protégé. This is a sequel to Zane Grey's *Riders of the Purple Sage*, and Tom, who in that picture was an uncle seeking his nephew, now becomes the nephew seeking his uncle. Though his rôle is supposedly different, the sense of identity with his former character is preserved by Tom's wearing the same apparel, including a pair of cotton gloves when disguised as an Indian. The continuity of his adventures as he tries to rescue his uncle from his isolated eyrie in a towering cliff is quite confusing, but this will mean little to the legion of Mix fans so long as he continues to lay villainy low without any lost motion.

#### PARISIAN NIGHTS

**L**OU TELLEGEN also acts nasty and tosses his share of rabid mortals about in *Parisian Nights*. This would be just another tawdry and fictitious story, idolizing the Apache with raids, trap-doors and knife-throwing, but for the bombardment by artillery of the warehouse infested by the underworld rats. Up to that point Tellegen has played the leader of one band of thugs, engaged in fraternal warfare with another gang, in an almost saintly manner, combined with the movements of a ballroom dancer. Elaine Hammerstein, co-starred with him, depicts a sculptress whose face is almost as immobile as her statuary. But during the siege Tellegen, perhaps spurred on by the telling performance of Renée Adorée as a jealous Apache chit, cuts loose and hurls around men and packing cases with real abandon.

#### ARE PARENTS PEOPLE?

**T**HE inquiring eye is mainly concerned in this Alice Duer Miller picture with the way Betty Bronson has been behaving herself since she left *Peter Pan*. The result is not altogether happy, as might have been expected as soon as she escaped from Barrie and was decked out in modern plumage. Another director has taken her in charge, and he has not equalled Herbert Brenon in bringing out the elfin piquancy of her spirit. As the daughter of a bickering couple who runs away to her lover when they are engrossed in their own incompatibility, Miss Bronson seems a little self-conscious, almost a little sedate, and not quite the madcap she might be if she'd let herself go. She suffers also, by contrast with the practised artistry of Florence Vidor and Adolphe Menjou, who for once keep romping youth from galloping off with the honors.





Study by Albin

*John Barrymore, who is now out in Hollywood for the first time, making a picture called "The Social Highwayman," is here shown in an uncommon setting that goes back to his days in "The Jest." With Mary Astor, he is posed for an historical scene, unconnected with a picture, from "Paolo and Francesca"*





Rabinovitch



Claude Harris

Mary Kennedy as co-author of *Mrs. Partridge Presents* and created an equally knowing barroom Circe in her playing of Rosie in *The Blue Peter*

The Earl of Latham, whose hobby is the drama. As owner of the famous Court Theatre, he has presented a number of American plays in London



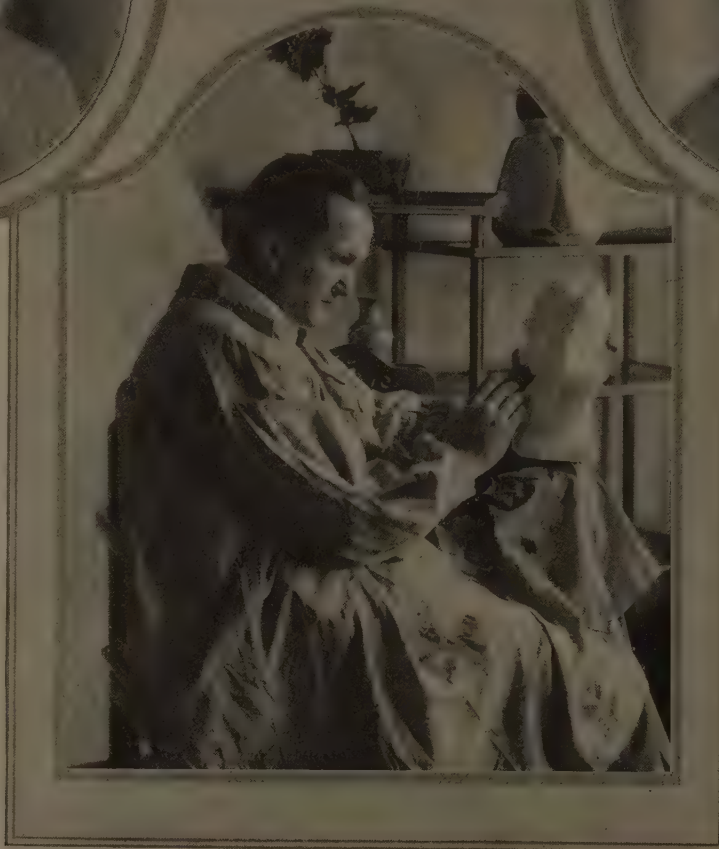
Bruguière

Frederick Jones has crowded much into his twenty-two years, for, besides studying painting and architecture in foreign parts, he has designed the settings for *Dagmar*, *Starlight*, *Paolo and Francesca*, *Cæsar* and *Cleopatra*, etc.



Goldberg

Donald Gallaher's success as producer of *The Gorilla* is not entirely surprising, for he has been in the theatre since childhood. Next season Mr. Gallaher will produce and play the star rôle in *David's Adventure*, by A. E. Thomas



Jessie T. Beals

Tom Powers, not content with playing Gregers Werle in *The Wild Duck*, turned his attention to modeling a bust of Ibsen

## THE PASSING SHOW

*Interesting Figures in the Theatre Who Show by Their Varied Activities the Wide Artistic Scope the Stage Offers Its Followers*



# R . A . D . I . O

## Watching Rehearsals at WEAF. Increasing Popularity of Morning Radio Programs

By CHARLOTTE GEER

**I**N early childhood we were taught by our father that curiosity is an attribute of the feminine sex and that men are neither blessed nor cursed with the trait. Even then we remember wondering what instinct, if not curiosity, made men turn explorer or detective, and now we know that the statement, like most generalities, had no basis in fact. We have found the uninquisitive sex insatiable in their desire to know what happens on the other side of a microphone. And so out of pity we invite our men readers to crawl into the cavernous depths of their loud speakers, emerging at the other end in the studio of Station WEAF, American Telephone and Telegraph Company, New York.

In describing WEAF, please understand that we are no more describing a typical broadcasting station than if we had selected a Rolls-Royce as typical of the average automobile. WEAF is the superman of the air, housed in an office which spreads over the third floor of the city's most expensive skyscraper, as different from the other stations in New York as the Pennsylvania terminal from the depot at Hayseed Corners.

The suggestion was made that we attend some of their rehearsals. The idea was appealing, and we talked it over with Annette Bushman, who as assistant to the program director has the WEAF Grand Opera Company under her wing. The rehearsal was scheduled for a Tuesday at ten A. M., and accordingly on one painfully warm Summer morning we pushed the revolving doors of 195 Broadway, prepared to be a telephone for the day.

From the moment you step through the entrance hall and wend your way through colossal pillars to the carved bronze doors that should guard a cathedral instead of an office elevator you are impressed with the stability of Big Business. In such a setting broadcasting partakes of the importance of an industry. The B. C. L. who reflects a bit tremulously on the amount of capital invested in his super-hetrodyne may take comfort. We are prepared to swear by each towering pillar in WEAF's hallway that broadcasting has taken on the permanency of an institution.

**O**NE of the odd things about Radio studios is their location. One expects to find them on the roof and experiences a shock when directed to the second or third floor. One feels that they are robbed of their communication with the heavens. In fact, most of the studios haven't so much as a window. WEAF, of course, has. Nothing that the ingenuity of man can devise has been omitted. In their reception room are flowering plants, a fire-place, electric fans, radiators, softly shaded lamps, innumerable couches, easy chairs, refectory tables, velvet draperies and carpets soft as sponges.

Behind glass doors on either side of the room are the studios and general offices of the station. In the business department efficiency stalks grimly and dozens of stenographers, supervised by as many executives, direct the vibrations of the ether.

Vastly impressed and even a trifle subdued by the magnitude of the organization,



Foto Topics

CESARE SODERO

Musical director of the WEAF Grand Opera Company, who has won a huge audience for himself and his ensemble

we left the marts of trade and sought out Mrs. Bushman. We found her in what is known as the "control room." This room is a first cousin to a telephone booth, of about the same size and equally well ventilated. She was listening to the *Barber of Seville* through a loud speaker and following the score with a fine disregard of the mounting thermometer. We joined her in her padded cell, and through a narrow window at the level of our eyes looked out at the rehearsal. Gesticulating on his little platform was Sodero, the Italian conductor, and to his right, grouped so closely that some sat directly under his waving baton, was the orchestra. Sixteen pieces and each man a member of the Metropolitan Opera House ensemble. Directly in front was the microphone and to the conductor's left, facing the orchestra and standing in an even row, were the singers. In this carefully thought-out arrangement of orchestra and singer lies the reason for the perfect balance of the WEAF Radio opera. In appearance the cast was not romantic. The men were in their shirt sleeves, neckties streaming, collars unfastened and perspiration running in rivers down their flushed faces. With painstaking attention to detail, the rehearsal

progressed, and every few minutes some singer would open the door of our booth and ask how he "came over." At our elbow was a narrow black box, no more impressive than a receiver, but on it were a row of jacks, which instead of being marked "first and second audio," etc., read: "WEEI, WJAR, WWJ" and all the other stations from here to Iowa that can be reached by the attachment of an innocent-looking plug.

**M**EANTIME it was after eleven o'clock and WEAF was "on the air." Through the glass door of the smaller studio a gentleman was leaning nonchalantly on a grand piano and talking to himself. The open-work Mike standing before him seemed to have a small place in the picture. The speaker was lecturing on swimming and life-saving, and at first he was nervous and self-conscious. In a few minutes he found himself, and presently he was gesticulating with all the manner of the lecture platform.

The morning program on WEAF had apparently very little bearing on the housewives' problems, and we asked Mrs. Godwin the reason. It was very simple. Their purpose is to stimulate the imagination rather than the appetite and to provide for the women to whom housework is a duty and not an avocation the intellectual sustenance that is lacking in the kitchen. Once a week the program is devoted to household aids, but on the other mornings the features are very similar to those in the afternoon or evening. Mrs. Godwin told us that a surprising number of letters come from men, and apparently the feminine slant does not deter them in the least. One dentist wrote that since broadcasting was put on in the forenoon he had great difficulty in getting his women patients to make morning appointments. He had considered putting a receiver in his office, but feared that his personal interest in the program would affect his work.

**W**E talked about the musician in relation to broadcasting. Mrs. Bushman was earnest and enthusiastic in her support of the new medium. "The whole musical world is being gradually won over to broadcasting," she said. "Radio is building up a vast musical public whose newly awakened interest in the old art will eventually be reflected in the box-offices of concert-hall and opera-house."

True words and, what is more, this newborn appreciation of the beautiful will be reflected in something more than dollars and cents and crowded gallery and pit; it will shine in the soul of the nation and give to millions a new means of expression and a new joy.



# Confessions of a Playwright

"The Club Friend" a Hit. Mr. Mansfield Shakes a Leg. A Commission From Mr. Daly

By SYDNEY ROSENFELD

THE next financial success I had was *The Club Friend*, produced by Roland Reed, also at the Star Theatre, shortly after *The Senator*. In that play Mr. Reed not only made a personal hit, but brought forward for the first time on any stage Miss Edna Wallace, who later became the second Mrs. de Wolf Hopper.

*The Club Friend* was of light texture, but the reasonableness of its story and the natural flow of its dialogue won for it an acclaim from the press for which I was unprepared.

It was during the run of *The Club Friend* that Mr. Reed gave an "Authors' night," to which all the existing American dramatists were invited guests. I had prepared the list for him, which included all those names which had appeared on programs, whether as authors of plays or librettos. It was from this list that Mr. Bronson Howard compiled his guests for a luncheon given by him at the Lotus Club, some months later, in honor of the oldest playwright of that day, Mr. Charles Gayler.

Out of this luncheon grew the formation of the still existing American Dramatists' Club, of which Mr. Bronson Howard was the first president.

I incidentally recurred to Mr. Richard Mansfield in the foregoing chapter.

It was about this time I made an adaptation of Millocker's opera, *Gasparone*, for Mr. James C. Duff, a brother-in-law of Augustin Daly. He produced it at the Standard Theatre. He consulted me about the cast. There was an important humorous character in the libretto, the *Podesta* of a little Italian town. Mr. Mansfield was much in demand, but he was known to be rather *difficile*. Before making any direct offer to him, Mr. Duff suggested that I, who was on friendly terms with him, should first approach him, describe the part to him and make such suggestions as I deemed fitting in regard to the manner in which I should like the part to be played.

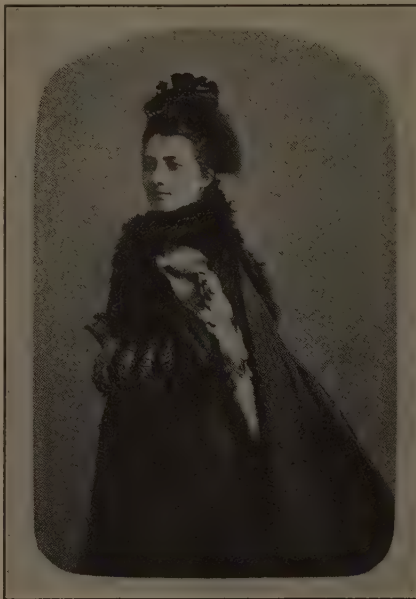
## MANSFIELD'S IDEA OF HUMOR

KNOWING Mr. Mansfield's by no means negligible estimate of his own ability, I approached him with considerable deference. I told him that an offer was in the offing from Mr. Duff, and outlined the part to him. He was not disinclined to consider it, and he relieved my mind very much by asking if I had anything to suggest as to how I had visualized the part. Knowing my man, I answered with more than the author's proverbial modesty:

"Mr. Mansfield, I have only one preference of my own to indicate in the matter. I should prefer to have the part played in white face rather than in black." This slight irony on my part was forgiven in the sense of deference it inferred to Mr. Mans-

field, the artist. He accepted the engagement, but it was then that my troubles began.

For the benefit of those who are unacquainted with the form in which a part is handed to an actor, I here reproduce a sample page of a typewritten part, a "side" as it is called in theatrical parlance. The



MRS. ROUSBY

A London actress, who made her American debut in 1875 in Tom Taylor's *Twixt Axe and Crown*, and one of the present author's first recollection of English stage beauty

short lines preceded by a dash indicate the "cue"—that is to say, the last word or words of a line spoken by one of the other characters, to which the line following, spoken by the actor whose part it is, is the response. The business, that is to say, the action that takes place outside of the spoken word, is indicated by indented paragraphs among the lines, usually underscored with red ink.

Cues are, as a rule, the actors' only means of judging when to speak. It is only semi-occasionally that a printed copy of the play can be in the performer's hands, so that he may study the full context. With stars and prominent actors it is sometimes customary to give them the MSS. of the play so that they may learn the story and judge of their value to it. Many actors of minor parts go through a whole season without knowing any more about the play they are acting in than they glean from their own short scenes. Here is a sample "side":

----- I wish she'd marry!

Why *doesn't* she marry?

----- good enough for her?

That isn't the point. Does *she* know anyone?

----- had offers enough.

Doesn't want to sacrifice her liberty. Perhaps after all, it's she who is the selfish one. ----- I don't agree with you.

(*With a worldly-wise air.*)

Well, that'll change—see if it doesn't. Elsie is getting on. Nature will step in some fine day, and it will be a case of the lucky number winning the prize. He won't have *any* of the qualities that she has considered essential up to now. It will just be the lucky number. Nature's way of dealing with the uncertain age—feminine gender.

(*Crosses to table and examines book.*)

----- what would you say?

Seven.

----- you always fall back on Nature. Well, Nature is pretty apt to have her own way, whether we oppose her with our philosophy or not.

Now as the actor can only guess at the import of the sentence of which only the cue appears, it is a frequent occurrence that the value of the line that follows the cue is utterly misjudged.

On this particular occasion Mr. Mansfield, who had had no access to the original manuscript, began to weigh the part from its cues and responses. He called me aside at rehearsal one day and, referring to his part, pointed out a certain line. It happened to be the simple word "seven." He did not stop to consider to what the word "seven" was a reply. He took the word by itself and in a disparaging tone said:

"You don't consider that a funny line, do you?"

I had to admit that I did not.

"Well, then," he continued, "I don't think I shall speak that line. I have a way of shaking my leg that always gets a laugh. Instead of speaking that line 'seven,' I shall simply shake my leg."

I said: "Just as you like, Mr. Mansfield, but you must admit that however illuminating the shake of your leg may be, it is scarcely a reply to the question that has just been asked you."

He consulted his part, and perceiving the words, "What would you say?" as his cue, grunted.

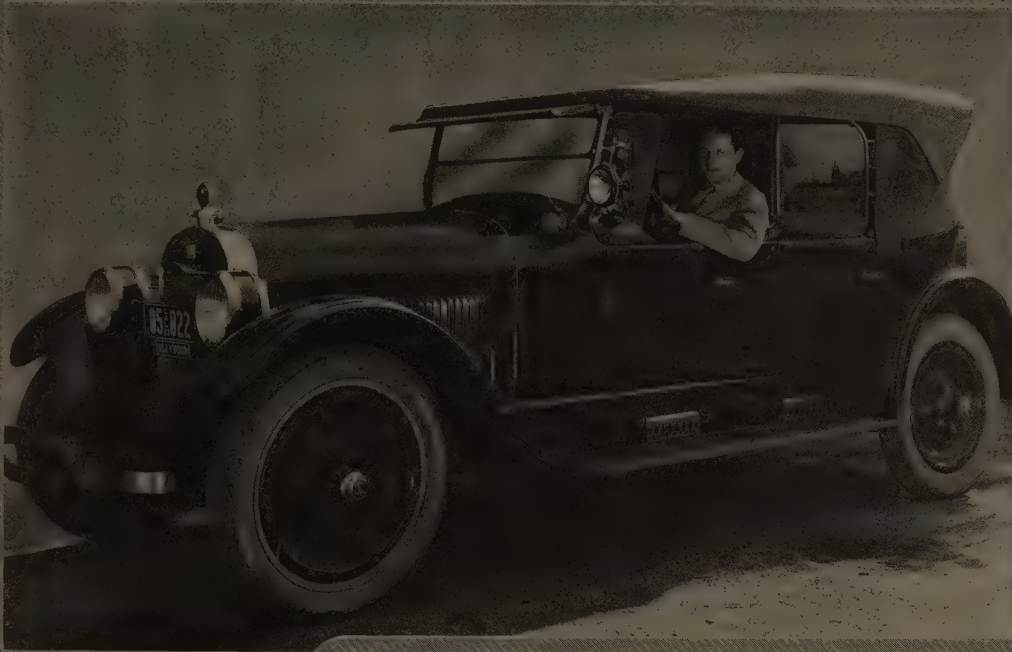
I had to explain more fully that he had just been asked the following question, "If I were to ask you how much were four and three, what would you say?" Although it was brought home to him that the spoken word "seven" was the only logical response, he never let go of the conviction that a comic shake of the leg would have been more satisfying to his audience in that place.

## NEGOTIATIONS WITH MR. DALY

I HAD for many years been anxious to connect myself with Augustin Daly. He held the position towards his theatre that

NOTE.—The opening chapters of Mr. Rosenfeld's *Reminiscences* began in our issue for January, 1925.





Ben Lyon's proud smile is not caused by the success of his latest film, but by the success of his latest Buick model

# THE KNIGHTS OF SCREENLAND GO RIDING



John Bowers heeding the admonition of the song hit, "Don't Mind the Rain," has followed instructions by getting for himself a comfortable Willys-Knight sedan



No car could better have suited the personality of Milton Sills than this regal Rolls-Royce, with its beautiful appointments and graceful construction



an editor does towards his newspaper. The theatre of to-day is run as a newspaper, with only a publisher and no editor.

Mr. Daly was able to decide on the merits of a play aside from its purely commercial value. I do not mean by this that he ignored the importance of a box-office success, but he honestly tried to combine artistic with financial claims.

He had written me several letters in which he had been generous enough to concede me a talent for playwriting and had at various times given me tasks of writing some of his material and in supplying texts to songs.

#### A PLAY FOR ADA REHAN

I HAD an idea of a play for Ada Rehan, and wrote to inquire whether he was in the market for one. He sent me this reply in that broad, smudgy hand of his, which looked for all the world as if it had been written with a pointed stick:

November 28, 1894.

DEAR MR. ROSENFELD:

I shall be only too glad to get a good play for Miss Rehan, but it must not be on the "new-woman" lines, nor must the character for Miss Rehan be of kith or kin to Mrs. Tanqueray or any of her sisterhood. I shall be pleased to chat over the matter you propose any day this week at 1.30.

Very truly,

A. DALY.

The Mrs. Tanqueray referred to above, of course, is the lady who gives the title to Pinero's successful play, *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*.

This aversion to the "woman with a past" obtained with more than one manager who exploited stars. Charles Frohman was equally scrupulous with Maude Adams and George Tyler with Eleanor Robson.

Charles Frohman, in fact, had other foibles that extended to his male stars. For John Drew, for instance, he wanted no play that did not depict the doings of the society gentleman. It was this reason he advanced for declining the play I have already referred to that I wrote for him on order. In that play which I brought out some time later, under the title of *A House of Cards*, my hero had risen from a humble social stratum and become a force both in politics and society. But C. F. did not see in him the Drew type.

*A House of Cards* was in many respects my dearest play—at all events the press for once were unusually lavish in its praise. I have not any too often been singled out by this influential body for aggrandizement, so I have pleasant memories of *A House of Cards*. If John Drew had played it, the added factor of a popular star would have given it considerable financial value.

After several sessions with Augustin Daly, my original plan for a play for Ada Rehan was abandoned, and Mr. Daly set me to work adapting a play from the German, one of the Blumenthal-Kadelburg series, *Die Zwei Wappen*. This was brought out under the name of *The Two Escutcheons*. It depicted the clash in German society between the old aristocracy, as embodied by a haughty Baron, father of the young lad in the story, and American democracy as exemplified by a Chicago pork-packer, father of the young girl, with whom the Baron's son had fallen in love.

This was, of course, no startlingly new theme, but it was handled with many new quips and fancies. The scene between the two fathers, discussing the terms on which the marriage was to be arranged, was rich in comic character drawing.

As an illustration of how things are spontaneously introduced at rehearsal, I will recite an incident. Mr. Daly had asked me to suggest, at the last rehearsal any bright bit that might occur to me. James Lewis was speaking the lines of the pork-packer and Edwin Stevens those of the German aristocrat.

MR. STEVENS (*boasting of his ancestry*): My family goes back to the Crusaders—to the year 1113. MR. LEWIS (*artlessly*): B. C.? MR. STEVENS (*sternly*): A. D.



WILLIAM WARREN

A great favorite of the Boston stage for half a century. Acted the comedy rôle in Sydney Rosenfeld's play, *Dr. Clyde*

There was nothing more to be said by Mr. Lewis, and I whispered to Mr. Daly: "Let Lewis say 'O. K.' as a wind-up."

This was immediately ordered, and the array of abbreviations beginning with A. B. and closing with O. K. not only received the biggest burst of laughter during the performance, but was quoted in many of the papers.

Miss Rehan had selected the part of the young girl in the play, though I had designed another and showier one for her, that of the girl's attractive companion who had maneuvered the whole love match. But both Miss Rehan and Mr. Daly had decided that the young girl was "more in the plot." Miss Rehan, in my judgment, was too mature for the young girl.

#### MAXINE ELLIOTT'S CHANCE

FORTUNES in the theatre are decided by just such seeming trifles. The part of the companion fell to that stunningly handsome and accomplished actress, Miss Maxine Elliott, who made such a success of it that it became her entering wedge into stardom.

I secured from Mr. Daly the right to use

*The Two Escutcheons* as my own enterprise. As the play had been proportionately disappointing as a vehicle for Miss Rehan, as its value for Miss Elliott became manifest, Mr. Daly was prevailed upon not only to sublet it to me, but also to release Miss Elliott to play her original part.

I produced in addition to *The Two Escutcheons* my other comedy awaiting its opportunity, *A House of Cards*. Miss Elliott appeared to great advantage in both plays. I surrounded her with a more than ordinarily strong company. Mr. Frank Worthing played in *A House of Cards* the part originally designed for John Drew. The cast included Miss Henrietta Crossman, Mr. F. F. Mackay and others of equal rank. Miss Elliott stood out above all the rest. She had not only a singular charm of person, but an intellectual grace and refinement as well. These qualities have always placed her in a class by herself.

It was during her performance of *The Two Escutcheons* in California that she attracted the attention of Mr. Nat C. Goodwin—that meteoric comedian. He fell in love with her. They were married. For a number of seasons Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin co-starred. Finally Maxine Elliott went "on her own" and began a series of triumphs that started with Clyde Fitch's play, *Her Own Way*.

#### THE FIRST PASSING SHOW

THE title, *The Passing Show*, is a very familiar one to the present playgoers. The first time it was applied to the especial form of entertainment which I introduced into this country was when I prepared a compilation of grotesque scenes and incidents, interspersed with jingling tunes which came out at the Casino in the 90's.

The Parisian "revue" had long been a recognized institution—but that style of thing had always been a disconnected array of spectacular and choreographic tableaux. It occurred to me that by combining the plots and characters of various current successes—of course travestied—I could achieve a measure of sustained interest, along with good fun, in a "review" of my own.

*The Passing Show* was the result, and since that time numberless other such "reviews" have come before the public, but I doubt if any of the later ones, however they may have excelled the original in splendor, ever made such a scrupulous effort to hold the audience with a story.

I have never relinquished my faith in the attractiveness of a story. However we may diverge from the given plot—however we may, in our exuberance of fancy or liberty of construction, dip into byways—there should always be some attempt made to hold our fable together.

Mr. George W. Lederer, an ambitious young manager, had just taken hold of the Casino, with no more definite idea than that he wanted a "musical show" for the summer. He knew me to be an emergency man and told me his needs. It was then that I gave him my idea of a review. He grew very enthusiastic over it at once. He immediately began to engage an elaborate company of *farceurs*, singers and beauties.

(To be continued)





Photo Goldberg

### FOKINA AS SALOME

*A Great Dancer, Whose Intensity of Temperament and Dark Witchery  
Bring Impassioned Life to Her Interpretation of Herod's Daughter*





M. E. Hewitt

It was in this delightful sun-room of Edgar Selwyn's beautiful roof-top apartment that *Dancing Mothers* was written. The cream-and-gold shades of the stuccoed walls are repeated in the Quaker lace curtains, while the hangings and pillows are of soft rose tones, which blend ideally with the Persian blue of the vases and rug



J. T. Beals

One of the most attractive spots in William Hodge's rambling house at Greenwich, Conn., is the huge fireplace which lends an air of cheerful intimacy to the spacious living-room

The picturesque home of Henri Bendel, famous Fifth Avenue couturier, at Greenwold Park, Great Neck, where this creator of fashions reads the plays which he costumes



THEATRICAL  
CELEBRITIES  
"AT HOME"





J. T. Beals

William Faversham, accompanied by his Irish wolfhound, makes a tour of inspection of the perfectly kept grounds of his splendid estate overlooking Oyster Bay

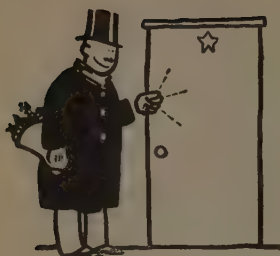
Any producer-playwright who has started a comedy on its fourth consecutive year on Broadway deserves a vacation, and Anne Nichols took hers near the shores of Miami, comfortably ensconced on her palatial house-boat



J. T. Beals

H. B. Warner spends much of his time caring for the garden and trees which enhance the quaint charm of his pretty house at Great Neck, Long Island





# Heard on Broadway

News and Gossip Straight from the Inside  
of Theatredom

By L'Homme Qui Sait



**A**N encouraging report floats back from Paris, where EVA LeGALLIENNE has given a pleasant surprise party by making a hit in *Jeanne D'Arc*. FIRMIN GEMIER, French impresario of the Odeon company, which entertained at Jolson's Theatre last Fall, was arranging the production. Relations parted and for a time it looked as though the adventurers would have to pack back to Broadway without so much as touching a lip-stick. They hired a theatre of their own and put on the Maid of Orleans play themselves. Boldness told. Paris approved.

But about the encouraging report. . . . GLENN HUNTER was in Paris prior to the opening, often seen in the company of Miss LeGallienne and MERCEDES D'ACOSTA, author of *Jeanne*. Much of their discussion centered around a production of *L'Aiglon*. According to present, tentative plans the piece will be given with Mr. Hunter and Miss LeGallienne playing the central rôle on alternating nights next season in New York.

After finishing up a couple of pictures Mr. Hunter will go back to Paris to complete details for the EDMOND ROSTAND play. He will also bring home a play by the younger ROSTAND, MAURICE. It is called *Les Arcanges*, has had a brief production in Paris and tells a story woven from the war exploits of the great French ace, GUYNEMER.

WAGENHALS AND KEMPER have been quietly at work on their assembly for *A Lovely Lady*, by JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS. The tale tells of a father and son who are both in love with the same lovely lady. BRUCE McRAE will add his staccato and skillful talents to the father rôle. HUMPHREY BOGART will probably be the boy. Playwright Williams will be recalled for his delightful satire, *Why Marry?*; his semi-sequel, *Why Not?* and his vote on this year's Pulitzer Prize Committee, which called *They Knew What They Wanted* a better play than *What Price Glory*.

It is said, by the way, that SIDNEY HOWARD, author of the prize play, gave his \$1,000 laurel to charity. Also that he tore to bits a manuscript because a friend whose judgment he respected said the play, while undeniably a popular piece, was not up to Mr. Howard's excellent standard. It is also generously rumored that among the American plays proposed by the Theatre Guild, but not specified, will be a new piece of Sidney Howard's.

With the storm caused by *Abie's Irish Rose* breaking the Broadway record subsiding, ANNE NICHOLS has sailed for Europe. She slipped quietly away one night on the *France* and told no one why she was going. Her last trip to Europe brought back to Broadway MME. SIMONE, French star, who failed to flourish here. Since then Miss Nichols has produced *White Collars*, a show which was wilting even before the heat wave. One guess would be that she has gone far away from the rattle of coins under the Abie wicket to write another play herself.

Another mystery with a plausible, though unverified solution, is the GEORGE M. COHAN situation. Getting out his autobiography, appearing for the Friars and a few other benefits and tuning up an INA CLAIRE vaudeville sketch cannot take all the time of the man that made the American Flag famous, particularly in view of his amazing record as a theatrical production unit of increasing energy. The report is again in the wind that he has taken office space on Broadway and will appear in a play of his own called *American Born*. The theatrical situation must indeed be deplorable when George M. Cohan is out of work for two seasons.

CROSBY GAIGE, long a factor in various SELWYN successes, emerged as a producer in his own right this season with the exciting *Silence*. He already plans two plays for early Fall. From out-of-town criticisms their fate seems hopeful. Up in New Haven critics turned unparalleled adjectival handspins over CHANNING POLLOCK'S *The Enemy*. Wise witnesses from Manhattan journeyed by dozens to see GEORGE S. KAUFMAN'S *The Butter-and-Egg Man* make its bow in



Stamford. They approved highly. The first is an anti-war sermon, the second a satire on the theatre. FAY BAINTER and GREGORY KELLY are the respective stars.

Mr. Gaige is also optionally interested in three plays which a new firm, of which ARTHUR EBBETS is the moving spirit, will give in the Fall. He also was long in the SELWYN shop. Two of the plays are by ADOLPHE PHILLIPE; their titles *Pay Cash* and *Sadie from Riverside Drive*. The third is a Canadian Mounted Police fable by WILLIAM J. NORTON, termed *The Third Woman*.

The appearance of EDNA BEST next season for CHARLES DILLINGHAM in *Most of Us Are*, by FREDERICK LONSDALE, promises to be a focus point of great interest. Miss Best is what is called in the cable a London favorite. The fate of such favorites is usually fortunate in these parts. Still more fortunate for these parts is the disposition of London favorites to return for more appreciation. Miss Best seems marked for such a popular success.

By the time these words appear it is probable that those two incomparable London favorites, GERTRUDE LAWRENCE and BEATRICE LILLIE, will be packing their boxes for their first return. A new *Charlot Revue* has been concocted to fill the gap in our entertaining existence left by the passing of the first. JACK BUCHANAN will also be involved. There will be a first night.

FRANK CRAVEN is again determined to be a producer and nothing else. It will be recalled that such a determination fell into the flood when his *New Brooms* started to slip and he jumped into the cast. His first new play of the Fall will be *The Love Pirate*, a comedy by FRED BALLARD.

A revival of one of the hardest favorites of the English stage is in prospect for the Fall when *London Assurance* reappears to sell its comic wares once more. The pleasing personality of ELIZABETH RISDON will be blended into the evening in the part of Lady Gay Spanker.

There is probably more human interest crowded behind the populous scenes of a New York season than among any similar number of people in the world. Temperament has strange twists, and the last relates to WILLIE HOWARD. *Sky High* is his last production. After twenty years or more on the stage, the nervously energetic comedian is opening a law office. For all these twenty years he has been bitten by an ambition to hang out his shingle as an attorney. Mornings and odd nights he has devoted to his study of the law. Last month he passed his bar examination and was admitted. He will tour with *Sky High* and thereafter undertake to hold a brief for anyone that calls.

Among the ten best performances in several people's memories is the interpretation given to the part of Queen Elizabeth by HAIDEE WRIGHT in *Will Shakespeare*. Unhappily the glowing poetry of this invention did not attract the multitude. Some few marveled and returned many times. After the play's closing Miss Wright returned to London and has been reported here only in fragmentary dispatches. Important news now. She will play the principal part in JOHN GALS-WORTHY'S *The Show*. Unfortunately, for us, she will play it in the London production. Since the piece is to be seen here late in the season, there is a possibility that New York will see once more her acting. If not, we should suggest CLAIRE EAMES as her nearest prototype among our actresses.

Shortly before she sailed for Europe, GENEVIEVE TOBIN signed contracts with DAVID BELASCO for a new play by AHMED ABDULLAH. The plot is deeply immersed in Indian mysteries, a feature to give Mr. Belasco full atmospheric scope.

KAREN BRAMSON, Danish dramatist, for whom Mr. Belasco blew trumpets with the production of her *Tiger Cats* last Fall with KATHARINE CORNELL, has an entry for the new season. It is called *The Strong* and HENRY BARON will translate it.



# The Public As Producers

*A Novel Plan Whereby THE PLAYGOERS, a New Theatrical Organization,  
Offers Audiences an Opportunity to Become Partners in Their  
Unique and Promising Enterprise*

A NEW organization, called "The Playgoers," has quietly, silently and inconspicuously been preparing a national movement in the theatre to help promote to a higher plane the artistic development of the stage and to introduce business stability into the managerial end of the theatrical industry. The business conditions under which "The Playgoers" emerges are Mr. Orson Kilborn's original plan. The artistic direction will be in the hands of Mr. Edgar J. MacGregor, a stage director of wide experience and long service in the development of the theatre. The Membership Committee of "The Playgoers," under the direction of R. Lavinia Hanton, assumes the responsibility in launching a national drive for members.

As a new plan, the scope of this organization seems to have the advantage over the "little theatre" groups which have done so much to uncover artistic neglect in the theatre, because it has no uplift to suggest. In this plan all the arts of the stage seem to spread their wings and migrate into freedom from the restricted influences which have held them bound to incoherent policies of theatrical management. It seems as though the playgoer is a new kind of citizen in the world of imagination. They are men and women who will transform their relaxation hours into a business with which they, themselves, are individually concerned.

Mr. Orson Kilborn explained his conception of this new organization in his office briefly:

"'The Playgoers' has been evolved as the result of my investigation and study of the theatrical business for a number of years. It is the universal desire for wholesome pleasure that has inspired this working plan to meet the growing demand for a combination in the theatrical business which will equalize the united interests of theatre patrons, actors and producers. This is the first time in the theatrical profession that the public at large has been invited to participate in the production of plays, with safeguards for their nominal investments, and share in the profits equally with the producers.

"My conception of the plan is to develop an organization which will bring the public and the theatre in closer contact; to introduce sound business principles in the management of the various play companies; and, finally, through our clearly defined policies, to build up and maintain confidence and faith with our partners—the public.

"The cost of a life membership in the organization has been brought down to a level which will appeal to all. One hun-

dred dollars entitles a member to full benefits and a unit in a production.

"Of the many benefits a member of 'The Playgoers' receives perhaps the most interesting one is the weekly drawings, conducted by the members themselves. Every member has an equal chance to receive the cost of his membership, plus a profit, and still retain his profit-sharing interest and full benefits of the association.

"The affairs of the various play companies and their personnel, as well as the actors and actresses, will be on a strictly business basis. We will not accept an investment of any size if it is contingent upon putting some person in a cast.

"The books of every company will be regularly audited by one of the largest firms of certified public accountants in the world. Members are allowed to inspect the expenditures of a play company. In other words, every safeguard possible has been introduced to protect the interests of our members."

Probably the novelty and soundness of Mr. Kilborn's plan was the inducement that brought R. Lavinia Hanton into this organization as chairman of the Membership Committee. Well known as a brilliant figure in New York's social and artistic life, Mrs. Hanton's share in the ultimate success of "The Playgoers" demonstrates the interest which this plan will rouse in society, as well as in the artistic improvement of the theatre.

"I have for years hoped to assist just such a promising and artistic movement in the theatre as this one," said Mrs. Hanton, "and I have assumed the opportunity of assisting this organization towards a national significance by becoming chairman of the Membership Committee.

"The theatre is the universal social world where everyone becomes interested in artistic expectations. It attracts all people who are in imaginative sympathy with good acting, good plays and good taste in the theatre. Theatres need, in their presentations, an element of charm and manner to recommend them, and I hope to be able, in my campaign for membership, to inspire the basic purpose of 'The Playgoers,' which is better plays, better theatrical management, better environment and courtesy to the public.

"I have not only been a patron of the theatre, but an investor, and it will be my privilege to carry out the ultimate purpose of 'The Playgoers,' to build and own a national theatre. That, however, is not an immediate concern, but it is on the horizon of our hopes. I anticipate a membership of five thousand by October 1. This will

represent a commendable capitalization of \$500,000 to carry on the first season of this organization."

Mr. Edgar J. MacGregor, the artistic director of the plays, ten of which are already secured and controlled by the MacGregor-Kilborn Corporation, said that he is not in favor of productions impressively spectacular or intellectually uplifting. He is committed to no highbrow surprises in plays. In fact, the first production of "The Playgoers" is a musical comedy called "Little Miss Pepper."

"I have no exalted dramatic traditions to live up to," said Mr. MacGregor, "as the artistic director of this new organization. For twenty-five years it has been my experience to share in many of the great commercial successes of the American stage as well as a few highbrow failures.

"As I see it, my job is going to be a simple effort to produce plays, farces, comedies, musical plays—all sorts of amusement best suited to discriminating American audiences. Instead of rushing over to Europe to secure foreign plays, good as they are, I have found here in America a sufficient number of good plays to pick out ten which I regard as desirable for 'The Playgoers.'

"I regard the musical play, as it is so well produced in this country, the best stage expression of all the stage arts combined. In fact, I have such respect for this form of entertainment that my hopes are high for the success of our first production, which is a musical comedy. I may produce a Molnar play, or a play by one of the big English dramatists before the season is out.

"I am particularly happy in the realization that under the business direction of this organization no play will go into rehearsal until the financing of that play is complete in all emergencies. This is a great comfort to a sincere director, because he will be unhampered in the expenses of production.

"I regard the influences which this plan of 'The Playgoers' is to have on the American theatre as a sane, artistic, practical improvement over any stage development I have seen come and go in the last twenty-five years."

Briefly, these are the confessions of faith which have a promising look for those who have not been satisfied with the conduct of the theatre recently.

There is not space in this article to tell the details of management and the complete scope of this new organization. Those desiring further information can secure it by writing to the office of The Playgoers, 522 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



# T H E   A M A T E U R   S T A G E

Edited By M. E. KEHOE



## SCENES FROM "THE GOOD HOPE." PRESENTED BY THE LITTLE THEATRE OF BIRMINGHAM

Under the direction of Bernard Szold, *The Good Hope*, a drama of North Sea Fisher Folk by the celebrated Dutch dramatist, Herman Heijermans, was given a highly effective setting by the Birmingham players. This play, which was instrumental in bringing about a reform in Dutch shipping laws, is heavier than the type of productions usually essayed by this group, but they gave a very creditable performance—by way of demonstrating their versatility. As a result of a prize-play contest, for one-act plays written by residents of Alabama, they produced in May *Lijah*, by Edgar Valentine Smith; *Is That So?* by Loreno Norton, of Birmingham; *The Second Daughter*, by Felicia Metcalf, of Anniston; and *Before Breakfast*, by Edwin Torgerson, of Birmingham.







Setting for *Nice People*, by Nicholas Yellenti, showing how a stationary three-arch structure like that used in the patio scene below may be adapted for a formal interior

## Scenic Hints For Amateur Producers

By NICHOLAS YELLENTI

LESS than fifty years ago scenery was the negligible job of the scene painter. If a setting could be labeled parlor, bedroom or library, it was passed by the producer without regard to its period of decoration or its appropriateness to the play.

But with the era of realism in drama there entered the factor of suitability of background. "Local color" was achieved, at first, by cluttering the stage with photographic detail. But even in the most riotous orgy of "what to put in" to make it look natural, it was manifestly impossible to put in everything. The consideration of "what to leave out" and still render the desired effect was the first step in placing scenery among the modern arts.

Then came Bakst and the Russian Ballet blazing a dazzling trail of color; came Joseph Urban and Gordon Craig, who exhibited a more general use of architecture in simplified form, who emphasized the value of pleasing proportion and color harmony. These men applied to stage decoration the imagination and the laws of composition and color that, hitherto, had been used only in painting. They sounded the call to young artists to turn from palette and canvas to the new, fascinating field of the theatre.

TO-DAY scenery is one of the three major considerations in

*Mr. Yellenti is eminently qualified to give practical as well as artistic advice. He studied drawing and painting under some of the best instructors in the country; his paintings have been shown in many of the important exhibitions in New York, Philadelphia and Boston, and a "one-man" show of his oils and water colors toured the East. Though still a young man, he has designed and supervised the execution of over two thousand stage settings. His work in both fields is characterized by broad treatment, clean color, simple line, and his conception of tone and composition have won him high praise—EDITOR'S NOTE.*

the production of a play. Our foremost scenic designers—whose names are listed on the program with those of the author and the actors—are artists whose art-school grounding in the fundamentals of painting and architecture has been enlarged by practical experience in the special problems of the theatre. Several art schools and colleges, securing the services of these professionals as instructors or in an advisory capacity, have established courses in scenic

design. And with the increasing number of high schools and little theatre groups who produce plays in an artistic manner, the interest in scenic decoration has become widespread.

The value of high school and little theatre work cannot, I believe, be overestimated. The future will show results, not only in more beautiful stage effects, but in the homes and lives of young people who are thus inspired to an early, practical appreciation of art.

NOW the aim of modern stage design, as exemplified in the work of the best professionals, is the achievement of a decorative realism in the simplest possible manner. High schools and little theatres need not, therefore, bewail their lack of materials, for by the use of their brains—or shall we say creative imagination—the simplicity of necessity can be turned into the simplicity of art. I will describe in detail two simple, yet very adaptable, stage sets.

But first I must list a few paragraphs from the scenic designers' "Decalogue of Dont's." These "dont's" are what every scenic artist would find out for himself in the course of a few productions, but if accepted as axioms will save a lot of time and trouble to those who have had a limited experience in stagecraft.

*Don't forget*



Here the three-arch structure shown above in the setting for *Nice People* is equally effective in an outdoor patio scene from *The Broken Wing*. These arches have an infinite variety of uses



that the stage setting is at all times a background; its mission is (a) unobtrusively to help convey the message of the play, (b) to help establish the character of the persons in the play, and (c) to present a satisfying picture to the eye.

*Don't* select a color for your walls or back drop that is similar to flesh tones, be-



(Left) Screen with window insert, turned upside down, making fireplace opening



(Below) Back of screen, showing cross braces

cause the actor's face will blend with the background and be indistinguishable beyond the fourth row.

*Don't* place spots of strong color or hang brilliant objects of interest above the level of the actor's head; the actor is the center of interest in your picture, and it is bad composition to attract the eyes of the audience away from him.

*Don't* strive for "stagey" or ultra-striking color effects and don't attempt to create new forms for arches and doors, but resort to the accepted orders of architecture, simplifying them to suit your needs.

*Don't* crowd your setting with needless detail or attempt to "spot" a setting too much. Little forms, in a stage setting, are practically lost except where they are enhanced by contrast and used for a specific purpose. So keep your color scheme simple, clean and harmonious, using large, interesting masses whenever possible and aim for subtle contrasts, using sharp, crisp notes here and there in the form of accents.

*Don't* light backings too brightly. This is a common fault of even some of the best designers. A glaring light seen through a door or window is a most distracting feature and is very hard on the eyes of the audience. Aim to light a setting as naturally as possible.

*Don't* turn your light full into the face of the audience to dazzle their eyes while changing scenes, as it hurts their eyes and spoils their appreciation of the next set. If you haven't a curtain, use a "black out"—that is, shut off all lights and train your stage crew to handle scenery efficiently in the dark.

A TYPE of setting well suited for high schools and little theatres is a stationary three-arch structure which gives an appearance of solidity and dignity and yet is capable of infinite variety by a change of backings, with the additional advantage of the ease whereby scenes can be changed.

The accompanying photographs will illustrate.

In the patio scene which I designed for the Toledo Theatre Company's production of *The Broken Wing* the arches are used in an exterior; backed by a typical Mexican wall and landscape vista, they seem appropriately Spanish in character. Yet note in the setting for *Nice People* how well they are adapted to a formal living-room. I used them again in an English library, placing the window center and book cases in the two side arches. Again, if the arches are backed by flats in which have been cut appropriate windows and doors, with a change of lighting, it is easy to work out a hut, hovel or tenement interior. Proper use of draperies will suggest the boudoir. And so *ad infinitum!*

The columns of this set can be constructed by using four half-round plinths cut from  $\frac{7}{8}$ -in. lumber, the bottom half-round being of larger circumference than the top, with the two intermediate ones graduated accordingly. This almost imperceptible tapering gives the columns delicacy. The plinths are held in their relative positions by lathes, and the front of this scaffolding is covered with profile board, which you will find bends easily. Pedestal and capital of the column are made of solid wood blocks.

Each arch consists of two wood semi-circles, nailed 8 or 10 inches apart with lathes, giving the arch an appearance of depth. Additional framework is carried to the top of the stage, and the whole is covered with scenery linen or canvas. The height of the columns, arc of the arches and the size of wings, flats, etc., I cannot specify, as they depend entirely on the dimensions of the stage on which they are to be used.

DRAMATIC organizations that do not have a regular stage, or a stage large enough to accommodate regular scenery, will find a practical and efficient scenery device in the use of screens. The number, size and shape of these screens can be varied, but in all cases they should be made light enough to be conveniently handled.

For use on high-school platform or lecture-hall stage I should suggest a two-fold screen, 9 ft. high, 4 ft. wide, with the frame made of  $\frac{3}{8}$ -in. lumber,  $2\frac{1}{2}$ -in. wide, and preferably of white or Southern pine. The joints should be countersunk and screws used instead of nails wherever possible.

Corner blocks should be used on all corners. These are usually made of profile board, covered with cheesecloth which has been glued on and thus prevents the block from splitting. A cross brace is placed across the screen top and bottom. This cross brace can be less than  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide, but it should be the same thickness as the frame.

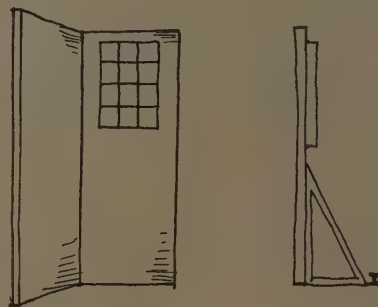
To support screens and prevent them from falling backward when they are used wide open, a triangular brace can be added to each wing. This brace can be 3 ft. high, 2 ft. wide at the bottom, made of  $\frac{3}{8}$ -in. lumber, mitred at the corners. It can be attached to the screen with permanent or "pin" hinges, which should be painted the same color as the screen. Additional solidity can be given by affixing a thin metal plate, with a hole in it, to the end of the brace, and using stage screws which screw into the stage floor.

Screens hinged together with pin hinges can be easily taken apart, and if both halves are equipped with floor braces, can be used separately. But when floor braces are not used, and the screen is to remain permanently two-fold, it is well to cover the joint with a "dutchman." The "dutchman" is a strip of canvas about 4 in. wide, glued over the joint on the face of the screen. It serves the double purpose of hiding the hinges and the crack in the screen through which distracting light might otherwise pass.

The frame of the screen should be covered with a light-weight scenery linen or canvas and painted in a plain, conservative color that will suit many purposes. One side, for example, may be painted a warm medium gray, "stylized" or "spattered" with a lighter or darker gray, giving a vibrating surface and interesting texture. The spattered canvas takes light effectively and is an ideal background for actors to play against.

The reverse side of the screen can be painted any color suitable to the mood of the play and changed as desired for various productions. But it is both wise and simpler to keep one permanent background such as the gray throughout the season, for by a careful manipulation of lights, the tone can be changed to almost any agreeable color.

WHEN the play calls for more than two settings, draperies and decorative panels will vary the permanent background. These decorative panels may consist of small tapestries, batiks or paintings



(Left) Screen with window opening. (Right) Side view of screen, showing how window is attached to back

on drawing-board, affixed to the screen with thumb-tacks. Thumb-tacks should be painted or concealed, as otherwise they will catch the light. Small decorative objects, such as pictures, hanging wall-vases, candle brackets, etc., may be used to give a more detailed suggestion of an interior.

A more elaborate screen can be constructed with an opening above the center, which can be used as a window, or when the screen is turned upside down, by the addition of a light, practical shelf, can be converted into a fire-place. This opening can be square or arched, as desired, and a frame the same shape can be affixed with pin hinges, cross-barred or grated to give the effect of the kind of window appropriate to the play. A canvas-covered frame, the exact size of the opening, painted the same color as the screen, can be fitted into place and conceal the opening when no fire-place or window is needed.



# FASHIONS

ADVANCED FUR SELECTIONS  
FOR THE WINTER SEASON  
BY LEADING ACTRESSES

*Coats from Stein & Blaine*

Miss Blanche Yurka selected this exquisite black Eastern mink coat and hat to protect her from wintry storms. An unusual feature is the combined heavily bronze-beaded Canton crêpe sleeve with the fur. This idea is also carried out under the rolling collar. The crown of the hat boasts of the same embroidery. This coat is called "Distinction"



Coat of the finest Russian ermine skins, combined with moire and outlined in brilliants. The effect is quite startling. Makes one think of icicles. This coat is called "Lido"

*Photos by Muray*





Lila Lee in a metal cloth coat, shirred flare and sleeves, trimmed in natural monkey fur. A Brandt model

*All these coats imported by  
H. Jaeckel & Son*

Mary Astor in a silver lace-and-silver cloth wrappy cape. Trimmed with white skunk. Lucille model



*Photos by  
Albin*



An advance Fall coat of black satin, trimmed with badger fur. The large sleeve is the newest feature. Worth model





An Eastern mink coat, with muff effect cuffs. Posed by Jean Clement of Louis the Fourteenth



Black Russian caracul, trimmed with dyed Hudson Bay sable collar and cuffs



Very finest leopard-skin coat, trimmed with Japanese cross fox, worn by Eve Balfour

*Models by A. Jaekel & Co.*

*Photos by Lucas-Kanarian*





An elaborate evening gown of gold lace appliqué with gold cloth, worn with a pale-green velvet wrap. The lining is of gold cloth appliqué with shaded rose velvet in modern art design



A frock of peach-colored lace is worn with a gold cape, elaborately embroidered and appliquéed in floral motifs in pastel shades



A striking example of modern art is this frock of black appliquéed with gold cloth, shaded paillettes and beads

*Photos by Goldberg*

Dresses of Martial et Armand display at the Paris Exposition des Arts, duplicates of which were shown simultaneously by Bonwit Teller & Co.





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## THEATRICAL MANAGER FOR THE STEEL CORPORATION

(Continued from page 10)

A Russian Princess is quoted as saying that this is the finest shower bath she has seen since she left the Tsarskoye Selo.

Mr. Eugene Wibbles (now receiving \$1,000 a week as royalties on the Shower Bath) departs for the French Riviera, to work on a new spigot. M. Georges Chameau starts simultaneously for Cherbourg, to be sure and meet the boat on which Mr. Wibbles is coming.

*Plumbing*, a journal for the trade, reports that the sales of the new United States Steel Corporation Shower Bath are over a hundred thousand a week, and sourly suggests that the new shower is only an old spigot turned upside down.

Mr. Richard Rowe, casting producer of the new Shower Bath, composes a cross-word puzzle. The first vertical is rainfall and the first horizontal is first half of Baden-Baden (in English).

It is reported in the papers that Miss Lallie Loopus, who wrote out all the pay checks for the workers on the new Shower Bath, is engaged to be married to the richest plumber in New York. The richest plumber's wife says, coyly, that the report is exaggerated.

At Winsted, Connecticut, a man slips through the exhaust of his bath

tub and is not discovered until three days later in the Mystic River. The United States Steel Corporation offers a reward of ten thousand dollars to anyone who can slip through the needle holes of its new Shower Bath.

At the end of three months, *Plumbing* reports that sales of the New Shower Bath have fallen off to 25,000 a month. They can be bought at half the market price at the hardware department of Leblang's Cut-rate Department Store, Forty-third and Broadway.

The United States Steel Corporation announces for immediate production on the largest scale a super-spigot.

Three weeks later the Wibbles-Chameau Shower Bath is offered at ten cents a piece to hardware jobbing companies throughout the United States. At the end of the year a picture of the shower bath is included in Burns Mantle's book on the best inventions of the year. No one ever hears of it again.

Except a few writers who, years later, devote themselves to a retrospective history of the art of the bath, and speak mournfully of the good old days of the Charno-Wiggles Shower Bath, which John Doe produced (if memory be not at fault—which it is),



## THEATRICAL OASIS IN THE MOVIE DESERT

(Continued from page 22)

with Miss Wood's New York run. Miss Frederick opened in *The Lady* last Christmas and appeared in it for a couple of months to receipts that need not yield a dollar to the Broadway showing.

The undertaking, according to all reports, seems to have been unfalteringly prosperous. It was all part of the week's work to take in \$10,000, and \$14,000 has not been unknown. Attractions in New York at this moment are glad to exist on less than \$10,000. And all this, mind you, has taken place in film-coated Los Angeles.

Miss Albertson and Macloon have restored the drama to its proud estate by the principle of engaging good, seasoned players, paying them sizable salaries and giving them a glossily attractive mounting. Miss Wood wrote to friends in the East that the Los Angeles production of *The Cling-*

*ing Vine* was as careful and tasteful as the New York presentation. And it is whispered that her salary reached the sum of \$1,250 a week. All this mimetic magnetism wrought on the Los Angeles public becomes the more striking when it is considered that the Playhouse is somewhat out of the beaten path in the California city, and that going to it necessitates about the same amount of firm concentration required by a trip to the Shubert-Riviera in any *habitué* of the Roaring Forties of Manhattan.

Now Macloon is planning to project himself further with original productions this year, and at last reports he and Miss Albertson were reading manuscripts. They were seeking either a new comedy or a drama, with a New York production to follow—provided they could ever tear themselves long enough from the (practically) ceaseless sunshine of California.

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## WHAT STARS EAT ON THE STAGE

(Continued from page 12)

supposed to be on a diet, but as soon as her folks were conveniently off-stage she bribed the cook to bring her a piece of apple-pie and a glass of milk. As substitutions were impossible, Miss Beecher had to eat and drink these nightly with every indication of gusto. In *Roger Bloomer*, Caroline Newcomb had to eat roast-beef and rice-pudding, and probably hasn't touched either since that play's demise.

In *The Wild Duck*, Ibsen specifies herring-salad for the pivotal dish at the luncheon in Ekdal's studio, but in their presentation of the drama the Actors' Theatre felt that something less definite in flavor might be substituted to the probable relief of the players and without slight to the dramatist. The compromise chosen was a mixture of cold slaw and potato salad, while frankfurters, Swedish bread and near beer round out the repast.

### STAGE BREAKFASTS

THEATREGOERS will conjure up with a reminiscent smile the flurried breakfast scene in *Keep Her Smiling*, with Sidney Drew as the typical commuter almost literally eating "on the wing" as he dashes off for his train. Mr. Drew was fond of grape-fruit, and he found it no hardship to eat one nightly, while instead of eggs his cup held finely cut pieces of pear and orange.

No one could watch George W. Barber as the jazz-loving Judge in *Beggar on Horseback*, seated on his high bench gloatingly devouring chocolate after chocolate without suspecting that he was fond of candy. In *The Show-Off*, however, Helen Lowell, who really likes sweets, too, and whose lines provide her with ample opportunity to masticate several pink bonbons, foregoes the pleasure, and not for the usual reason that women sometimes pass them by. Her candy-box, instead of sweets, contains pieces of pink-colored lady-fingers, which she prefers because bonbons are apt, especially in warm weather, to goo her hands up!

Doubtless the champion stage-eater of the present season has been O. P. Heggie in *Edna Ferber* and George S. Kaufman's *Minick*. It will be remembered that old Minick, arriving from a long journey late and dinnerless at his children's Chicago home, announces calmly that any little thing will appease his appetite, say "some soup, some cold meat and a couple of eggs." In a jiffy or two his daughter-in-law sets before him the best that her larder contains at that hour, which is coddled egg, warmed-up spinach and Waldorf salad. Such highfalutin' fare appeals little to the old fellow, and for that matter, at 9 P. M., it would probably appeal equally little to Mr. Heggie if that were what he had to eat. Real spinach is at his place, but he passes that up; the salad consists of rice-pudding on a leaf of lettuce, while the coddled

egg is the filling of cocoanut custard pie, with as much as possible of the cocoanut meticulously scraped off. These substitutes are of Mr. Heggie's own choosing, including the deletion of the superfluous cocoanut, and it was a bad night for the property-man one time he forgot to remove it! All this happens in Act I.

In Act II the authors compel Mr. Heggie to eat an entire apple and follow that with a sandwich. Although he likes apples after a normal fashion, the being obliged to eat one willy-nilly at an appointed minute each night has proved more irksome to Mr. Heggie than all the rest.

Perhaps it was because he was producer as well as author of *The Bird of Paradise* that Richard Walton Tully raised the curtain upon the dinner scene in his Hawaiian drama as ice-cream was being served. Since *The Bird of Paradise* has been presented something like 5,000 times, the donation of a complete dinner to seven or eight actors would have, in the course of seasons, mounted to a highly expensive luxury.

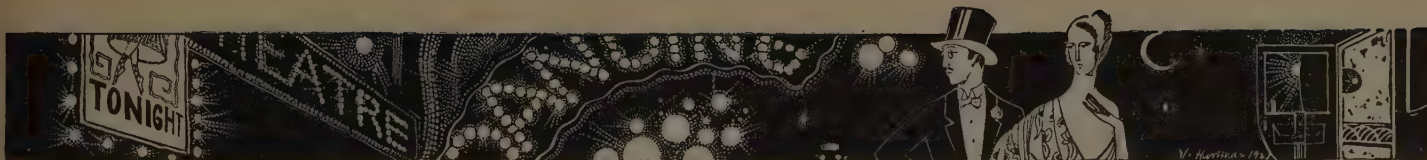
### FOOTLIGHT BEVERAGES

IT is a fact, however, that in *Step This Way*, Lew Fields provided a big, workable soda-fountain with practical faucets and a dozen different flavors. His customers were permitted to call for whatever flavors best struck their fancy, but it was of little use, for invariably they received—and drank!—whatever weird mixture it pleased Fields to squirt into their glasses.

Which reminds that current memory holds one stage refreshment that the lucky players always looked eagerly forward to, and of which they never tired. Edward Sheldon was the thoughtful playwright and Mrs. Fiske the generous managerial hostess. Mention is made, of course, to *Salvation Nell* and its first-act Bowery saloon. Here Holbrook Blinn as Jim Platt and the twenty or more other habitués of the dive had only to slap upon the bar their imitation coins—and presto! the genial barkeeper heaved before them overflowing beakers of real beer—a fresh keg being tapped at every performance—while on the counter were dishes filled with cheese and pretzels. Needless to say the actors never needed managerial proddings to make themselves thoroughly at home!

And while it may savor a little of telling tales out of school, it must be noted that the second-act curtain rising prematurely one memorable night, disclosed, to an astonished and delighted audience, Mrs. Fiske as *Salvation Nell*, the godly army lass, not reading, as usual, from the Bible to her little son, but stretching forth an eager hand to receive from a flustered stage-hand a glass of beer hastily summoned from the keg of the previous act.





B. F. Keith's

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**THE PLAY GUIDE**

## THE PLAY GUIDE

*We hope you liked The Play Guide's small shops last month. We're going to have more of them a bit later. But since it is quite within the bounds of probability that you will be making an addition in person to that something-or-other percentage of the population which annually visits New York in August, we think we shall be doing you a better service this month if we talk about hotels and their little ways in mid-summer*

**Y**OU aren't of those back-number people who think it still has to be proved that New York is one of the finest Summer resorts in America! No, of course you aren't. Agreed! Then we start even. However, you could stand hearing again, couldn't you, just for the sake of the continuity, that August is one of the most popular and crowded months of the year for New York summer-resorters? And we're sure you wouldn't at all mind hearing the temptations which the great city has to offer them.

In August these run almost entirely along the lines of that great little American institution, the roof garden. That is for the city proper. Wherefore

#### LET'S GO

**F**IRST to the highest of them all in the city, "Bagdad" in the air, atop the Hotel McAlpin. When "Bagdad" was opened last Summer, we went very fully into the description of its decorations, so we won't repeat that here. Freshened up, they remain practically the same. What is a new touch to this lofty dining eyrie is that its managing director, Mr. Lee, had the brilliant inspiration to supply scores of diners with field-glasses to witness the airplane "battle" over the city on June 13. And this made such a hit—the glasses, not the "battle"—that it led to the further inspiration of keeping field-glasses on hand for the asking, every day in the week. Guests are therefore getting an amusing little thrill between courses with viewing the city and the surrounding country and comparing notes thereon. My dear, what won't they think of next!

Let's now hop down—or rather up—to The Pennsylvania Roof, which, twenty-three stories above the well-gasolined streets, commands large, refreshing draughts of pure air and a splendid view. The same program prevails as last year, with the exception that Vincent Lopez, instead of being present in person to conduct his Vincent Lopez Hotel Pennsylvania Dance Orchestra (a mouthfull!) is abroad enthralling the inhabitants there. He returns shortly, they say, and in the meantime the nightly dancers on the roof are managing to worry along. To refresh your memory as to the rest of that same program: The Roof Garden opens at 12 noon (personally we enjoy roofs at noon as much as at night), with a blue-plate

luncheon from 65 cents to \$1.00 featured. There is afternoon tea also, but no music until the Lopez orchestra comes on at 6.30. From thence it plays through dinner (at which no cover charge is made until 9.30), and for supper dancing, from 9.30 till 1.30 A. M. Cover charge during that time is \$1.00.

The Pennsylvania suggests that in case you don't want to go as far as the roof, they have a very delightful orchestra, that of a young Hollander, only twenty-eight, Nathan Abas, which discourses every day in the main dining-room during luncheon and dinner.

Jump up to The Biltmore now. Again refreshing your memory as to its Summer program, practically the same as last year, you are offered the Fountain Room for lunch, and the famous Cascades for dinner and for supper dancing, from 10.30 till closing, some time around 1. The orchestra is the celebrated one of Roger Kahn (son of Otto Kahn), who himself plays with his "band." The East Room in the lobby is for tea dances and dinner dances, from 7 till 9.30. Have you got it all straight now?

Since we are so near The Commodore, let's go over there and look in on the new "Summer Garden" that has been opened on the main floor. It is altogether charming and odd, a spacious, high-ceilinged room with striped awnings which line the walls on four sides, shading the light from the windows, but, contrary to custom, from the *inside*, which for some reason, contributes to the room a feeling of outdoors. In between the awnings, high up on the walls, are large "shades" of hand-painted silk, which conceal both lights and ventilators of cold air. Window boxes of flowers, chairs covered with bird-scattered chintz add to the colorful Summer effect. You may breakfast or lunch or dine in the "Summer Garden," and at the dinner hour the tables in the center of the room are pushed back, the green carpet taken away and a floor for dancing is revealed. We recommend enthusiastically this Summer feature of The Commodore.

#### CHEZ LE RITZ

**T**HE roof garden at The Ritz has always been one of the most popular Summer dining places for smart people in town, and this year is no (Continued on page 59)

A National Institution

## B. F. Keith's NEW YORK HIPPODROME

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## THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED

(Continued from page 28)

TONY: Amy, come over here—I got a present for you.

AMY: Something for me? (She has got over to the cot. She takes the box.) Honest? Well, now if that isn't sweet of you, Tony. (Opens it.) Oh, . . . oh, . . . oh!

TONY: Ees mak' you happy, Amy—

JOE: They're real diamonds.

TONY: You betcha life, . . . four hundra dollar'.

AMY: I—I— (Tears come.) Real diamonds. (She sits in chair and cries.)

Presently, at Tony's gentle urging, she puts on the earrings. Then she turns to the table and picks up Joe's photograph.

AMY: Here, you better take this. I don't want it.

TONY: Tear him up, Joe, . . . tear him up. (Joe tears.) Madonna! Dat's verra good.

AMY: That's the only way to do. There ain't no use of keepin' things around to remind you of what you want to forget. Start in all over again, new and fresh. No memories for me. No hard feelings.

JOE (to Tony): Will that hold you? I guess you don't need to worry no more after that.

TONY (delighted): Now you know for w'y I wan' you to go away, Joe. Dat goddam picture photograph! But evrathing is fix now. You don't need to go away now, Joe.

JOE: Hell, you don't need me to take care of you. You got Amy now.

TONY: You don't need to go to-morrow, Joe. You and me is talkin' more by'emby in da mornin'.

AMY: It must be pretty swell bein' free and independent and beatin' it around the country just however you feel like. Callin' in at farm-houses for a plate of stew. Down in Santa Clara we used to keep a dog for those boys. I guess it's a fine life if you like it, . . . only I never had much use for hoboos myself.

TONY (shocked): Joe ain't no hobo, Amy.

JOE (completely discomfited): I guess I'll say good night.

The fiesta breaks up. The guests file in and bid Tony and Amy good night. Tony, after a last tender word with his Amy, is wheeled into the other room, where the doctor gives him a sedative to make him sleep. Joe is asked to stay in the house, to be of help, if necessary.

JOE: Amy (she stiffens), I got you fixed up in Tony's big bed. I'm goin' to sleep in here in case you want any help. . . . And, say, you see what a fine old fella he is, don't you? It's up to you now.

AMY: I ain't complainin'. I know what I'm about. I married for a home, see? Well, I got a home, ain't I? I'm fixed. . . . I didn't come up here lookin' for love, . . . or . . . or anything like that.

JOE: All I got to say is, it's a damn good thing you got so much sense.

AMY (her manner changing): Joe, I want to ask you somethin'—and you gotta tell me the truth this time. You really and honestly didn't know nothing about his sending me that photo of you instead of his own, did you?

JOE: Honest to God, I didn't. . . . Honest to God!

AMY: I'm glad. . . . I want to apologize to you for what I said—just now—and the other things, about being a common hobo. I'm sorry, Joe.

JOE: You're cryin'! What's the matter, kid?

AMY: Oh, I don't know—nothing—I'm all right. (The flood gates break.) Oh, I wish I was dead. . . . I wish I was dead.

JOE: Don't talk that way. . . . You're all right.

He takes her clumsily in his arms. A moment of silence, which is broken only by their deep breathing, as the physical being of one is communicated to the other. Suddenly he clutches her to his breast and kisses her. She struggles a moment, then abandons herself.

TONY (calling out in the bedroom): Amy! (She breaks loose, sobbing hysterically.)

JOE (a whisper): Jesus! (She stifles a cry and turns toward the bedroom.) No, you don't. (He catches her.)

AMY (struggling): Lemme go—

TONY: Amy!

She breaks free, terrified, and runs out into the night. Joe stands a moment listening and then turns and quickly follows after her.

THE third act takes place on an afternoon three months later. A feminine hand is apparent in the setting of the living-room. It is now bedecked with gay ribbons, pillows, a victrola, "art" pictures on the walls and a brilliantly embroidered centerpiece on the dining-table.

Tony is reclining in a chair, a pair of crutches on the floor beside him. He and Father McKee are having a hot argument with Joe regarding the relative merits of the I. W. W. and the U. S. Government. Joe is evidently rebellious and has announced his decision to again take the trail for new pastures. During their talk Amy returns in the Ford from her marketing. She seems happy and contented and joshes the men. At length the Doctor arrives.

TONY: I get along fine now, Doc. My Amy is da bes' nurse I ever see.

AMY: Oh, Tony!

DOCTOR: I'm going to put your patient outside in the sun where he can see things going on. Is there a good level, shady place—

AMY: Under the arbor. . . . Oh, Tony!

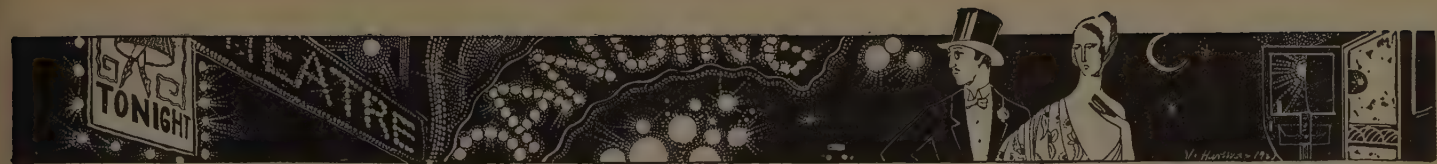
TONY: After t'ree mont' in goddam house!

DOCTOR: Fix him up right with a big easy chair.

AMY: An' plenty of pillows—

(Continued on page 62)





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exception. On any night you choose to go you may see a full quota of pretty actresses and society women and their escorts dining and dancing there.

The roof has been most charmingly redecorated for the season with a huge canopy awning overhead of turquoise blue, striped with golden yellow, and a long, consecutive window-box running round three sides, filled with artificial field flowers in blues and reds and chromes.

Funny about that atmosphere of The Ritz! Of just what it consists we don't exactly know, but it seems to bestow a certain distinction and individuality on practically everyone who enters its doors. It is perhaps due in part to the good breeding that is in the air and in part to the chic simplicity of The Ritz interiors, which, like the properly lighted *décor* of a stage setting, enhance instead of diminishing personality as do more elaborate settings.

THE roof garden of the Hotel Astor is not only cooled by the refreshing breezes that go with its altitude, but by its fountains as well, and it wins out on many occasions over the other roofs in town because of its great convenience for theatregoers. Freshly decorated since last Summer, and converted into a veritable flower-garden, with dozens of window-boxes filled with old-fashioned flowers and overhanging vines, it is a restful rendezvous, far above the noise of Times Square, for Broadwayite and out-of-towner. On one side is the Japanese Garden, with its own dear little waterfall, and on the other the Italian Garden, which with its surrounding green hedge completes the "great outdoors" effect.

Dinner and supper dances are given each evening in the Belvedere restaurant, and the Astor Grill Orchestra, under the direction of Fred Rich, which was so popular during the Winter, has been augmented for the Summer, and furnishes dance-inspiring music throughout the evening.

JUST as "everybody should fall in love once," so should everyone take in Luna Park among the diversions of the great city. . . . At least

once a Summer! There is an evening's playground for you! Though to get the proper fillip from it, its gaiety should be entered into in parties of four or more, preferably more.

This Summer finds Luna at the zenith of its career. Ten additional acres have been added to its already spacious grounds, and a cool (!) half million of dollars lavishly expended on improvements and the installation of new attractions. You can park your car, enjoy the band concerts, of which there are no less than five—among them that of Arthur Pryor, and the National Czecho-Slovakian, wearing the most picturesque of costumes—stroll through flower-decked walks, dance in the grand ballroom, have every kind of a ride, and get a laugh out of a hundred and one games.

If you are looking for a thrill of a certain sort, you will try Luna's latest sensation, the so-called "Mile Sky Chaser," an up-to-date version, we should describe it, of the original "Chute the Chutes," which still holds its own in popularity at its old stamping ground. The "M. S. C." carries you up in solid wooden cars to the top of a steel tower ninety-five feet above the earth's surface and then let's you down again with a bang, only softened by five steep dips before the track turns on the homeward course. Oo-oo-oo! "Thrills but never a spill," its press representatives assert. As for ourselves, we looked but didn't touch.

Other attractions at Coney, that is to say Luna, are: The Romantic Samoan Village, where native South Sea Islanders sing and dance; the Wild West and Rodeo, with the Sioux Indian Band playing; "The New Bowery" and its side shows; and Luna's delicious new menagerie. The latter is outfitted with the famous Royal Bengal tigers, Rajah and Prince, once of Bostock, to say nothing of extra "li's an' tigers"; a rare Chinese "pig" leopard, an assorted variety of "hump-back," "sunshine" (very playful), "Russian brown" and other bears, and a "Mouse City" with 10,000 dear little white mice.

Come and bring the children!

ANNE ARCHBALD.

## In Our September Issue

An interesting interview with Sydney Howard, author of *They Knew What They Wanted*, giving an account of his career and his liberal views on the theatre.

*The Lyric Daughter of the Sober Russians.* Oliver M. Saylor, authority on the Russian Theatre, writes a fascinating article on the Musical Studio, the Moscow Art Theatre's offspring, which has captured Europe

and is soon to come to America.

Page of beautiful pictures from *The Green Hat*, Michael Arlen's tremendously successful play, in which Katharine Cornell has triumphed.

How Much Does It Cost to Put On a Play? J. J. Shubert gives startling quotations of the enormous expenditure in scenery, costumes, electricity, etc., offering as examples *The Swan*, *The Love Song*, etc.



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## An Announcement of Importance to Our Women Readers

WE have been fortunate enough to induce Mary Young, whose appearance in *Dancing Mothers* was one of the outstanding successes of the past season, to write a series of articles in which she will tell our women readers her methods for the preservation of beauty and health.



MISS MARY YOUNG

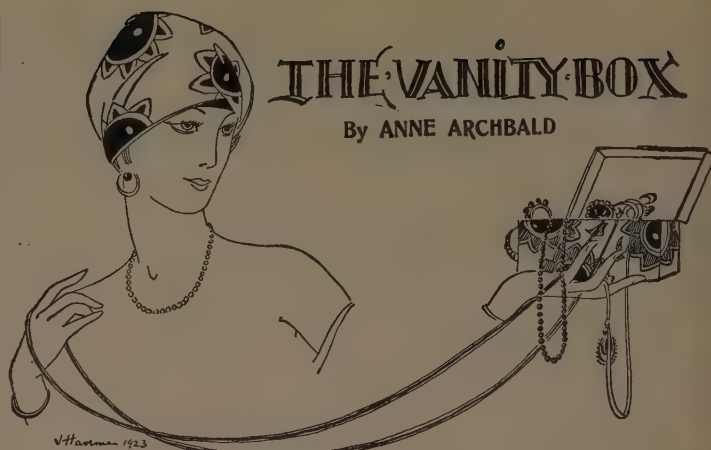
MISS YOUNG, who is known as one of the best-groomed women on the American Stage, is an authority on the subject, and her radiant health, beauty and animation are indeed witness to the soundness of her methods for retaining and enhancing the gifts with which nature endowed her.

NOT a few women of the Stage—Fannie Ward, Edna Wallace Hopper and others who still retain their youthful beauty and verve, at a time in life when other women permit themselves to become drab and colorless, have followed régimes similar to Miss Young's. This is the age of Youth, and the clever woman, no matter what her age, may find the fountain of eternal youth if she seeks for it earnestly enough. There never was a time when the saying had more truth than "A woman is as old as she looks."

MISS YOUNG'S first article, in which she outlines how she took off superfluous weight under the régime of a famous French physician, will appear in the October issue, to be followed each month by other articles in her series concerning beauty and hygiene.

NO woman who is at all solicitous about her personal appearance can afford to miss this series.

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE  
NEW YORK



CATHERINE CRANDELL, that enchanting young dancer, who was one of a pair to step into the Dolly Sisters' shoes in the last Greenwich Village Follies, came in to make us a flying call last month. She was on her way to the station, where she was departing for Mexico City to dance a three-weeks' concert engagement with the Pavley and Oukrainsky ensemble, and very much elated over the fact. Besides the novelty of the trip it was just the moment when relations between the United States and Mexico had become a bit strained, and Miss Crandell did not know just what adventures they all might be let in for.

She is the most exotic and foreign-looking creature, little Crandell! With lovely soft features set in the pale oval of her face and scarlet "bee-stung" underlip. Some people think she resembles in appearance another popular young American dancer, Dorothy Dickson, and amusingly enough, her birthplace is the same, Chicago.

We used to see Miss Crandell in the spring dancing with her partner, Roberto Medrano, at The Lorraine and later at the "300 Club." And what a picture she made! Especially in a low-necked period frock of black velvet, with a long full skirt lined with silver, a silver wig and long, long earrings. Earrings are among Catherine's pet hobbies. She has them for every day in the month, mostly of reddish gold or amber, to tone in with her hair, and always long and striking and barbaric. Her friends know of this fancy of hers and are constantly adding to her collection, and each time we see her she is wearing a new pair.

That afternoon she looked particularly stunning in a pair of earrings of red gold, a series of little bells linked together, which were just the thing to touch off a brown "caped" traveling coat and little brown hat.

"I've a taxi waiting; do come to the train with me," urged Miss Crandell. "I'm going to have some pictures snapped before we go off."

That sounded sufficiently interesting and we donned our own hat and departed with her. We found the camera men waiting and all ready to focus on Miss Crandell as soon as she came in sight.

"Oh, wait, wait a minute," she cried, "even the most beautiful women must powder their noses in such cases."

The camera men were impatient, but Catherine insisted.

"Nothing like the right kind of powder, is there?" she commented for our benefit as she dabbed from her vanity case. "I've just found the right one for me, and I should have been using it ages ago. . . It certainly has been on the market long enough."

"Steady, please," said the camera men, and click-clicked.

"Tell me more about your new powder," we said after a bit.

"It isn't really new," said Miss Crandell. "I've been explaining, . . . only new for me. It's of French origin, and French women have sworn by it for years. I am distressed to think I have lived so long with it always within my reach and yet without really knowing about it. . . Such a texture this powder has! Such a clinging, yet invisible quality. . . such finesse."

We looked at Miss Crandell's skin and could agree with every word she said. . . The guard was preparing to close the gate. We threw off farewells and *bons voyages* and rushed away.

And you left without asking Miss Crandell what the name of that wonderful powder was!! No, indeed, my children; we were much more thoughtful of you than that. We learned it and are prepared to impart the precious information merely for the inquiring.

We did more. We investigated for ourself personally and learned also what a favorite this powder, the pet of three generations of women, was with certain stage and screen stars. They swear by it, too. You'd be surprised. Write and ask us!

For the name of the French powder mentioned by Miss Crandell and where to be purchased, write *The Vanity Box*, care the THEATRE MAGAZINE, 2 West 45th Street, New York City.



## WHO'LL DARE REWRITE SHAKESPEARE?

(Continued from page 9)

house has lately been found to be inadequate to accommodate the audiences which come from all parts of England. Here also there is no attempt at elaborate scenic investiture, but the company is a well-trained band of players. It looks very much as if when that sweeping assertion as to Shakespeare's international unpopularity were made either Mr. Langner was not aware of, or forgot the old Vic. and the Stratford players.

And now there steps upon the stage the real hero or Protagonist of this performance. Here he is! The statement that Shakespeare is really better in German than in English. Mr. Langner has decked him out in slightly different dress, but his voice betrays him and his mask is no disguise.

## SHAKESPEARE'S MODERNISM

I HAVE no intention of detracting in the least from the excellent translations of Shakespeare by Schlegel, Tieck and others. As such they stand in the very front rank. The German language, harsh as it may be, lends itself to sonorous blank verse in a way that French has never attained. But there is always some little twist or turn in Shakespeare's verse that eludes translation, just as no one has ever succeeded in copying, even in English, that peculiar style. It is not the use of an obsolete word or phrase; it lies more in the employment of the *only* word that expresses the thought.

Mr. Langner says that Shakespeare lives anew in the German style, because his words are given out in the living language of a Germany two hundred years later than Shakespeare's own time. I fear that Schlegel and Tieck would hardly thank him for such a remark as that. What they prided themselves upon was that they had rendered the classic English verse into classic German; it is that feature which makes their translations so fine. When the translators had Shakespeare's prose to render into their own language their task was much easier; since they no longer had to deal with the classic form any more than did Shakespeare. His prose is the every-day speech of his own time; and the German translators have very cleverly adapted their language to follow. These passages in German run along almost as trippingly as the original, but—and this is a very big "but"—they are not better than the original. The German adaptors deserve all the praise we can bestow, and that is all that may be said of them.

There is yet one other character waiting impatiently at the wings for his cue. We have had premonitions of his appearance almost from the beginning. Obsolete Expressions I think you call him, Mr. Langner. He is really the villain of our play, but his form is not as monstrous or formidable as you want us to believe.

There is probably no short pas-

sage in the plays that is more widely known than that from *As You Like It*, beginning "All the world's a stage, And all the men and women merely players." Now that passage contains two hundred and three words and there are in all but four words which are not at present in use in our every-day speech. Those are "merely," which in Shakespeare's time was much more emphatic in its meaning than at present and was equivalent to *only*, *absolutely*. Then in the line, "Full of wise saws and modern instances." The word "saws" for *sayings* is only now out of use, our grandfathers knew it well, but as it is no longer in use it must be yielded up. "Modern" in the Shakespearian sense of *trite, stale, outworn* has long since departed; then in the last line the word "sans," taken over bodily from the French, is, of course, easily understood, but it falls beneath our ban, and those are absolutely all. Four words in two hundred and three, or two per cent., are obsolete.

Let us be quite fair in this investigation, and see how we fare when it comes to a whole scene in prose. I am going to put the same test to one of those scenes from *Midsummer Night's Dream*, which so pleased Mr. Langner on its performance at the Deutsches Theater. Act I, Scene 2, wherein Bottom, the weaver, and his companions discuss the assignment of parts in the most lamentable Comedy of Pyramus and Thisbe, contains, in the Globe edition, one hundred and fifteen lines, averaging eight words to the line—roughly speaking, between eight and nine hundred words—and there are just *two* words which are now obsolete. "An," the old English form of *if*, and "con" in the sense of *study*. This last was even known to our parents, for it occurs in one of Ann and Jane Taylor's *Original Poems*, published in 1863, where the prospective truant says to his companion: "Why con your task demure and prim?" One-fourth of one per cent. The German translators did not have a difficult task, if they sought to modernize their adaptation.

## WHO'LL TRANPOSE BEETHOVEN?

NOW, in conclusion, Mr. Langner, in putting his question in its present form, has, I think, mistaken the point at issue. It is not Shakespeare that stands in need of translation, but the attitude of a large element of the playgoers of America. That Shakespeare is not widely popular we may easily acknowledge, but then neither are the symphonies of Beethoven. We might just as well start a debate on the question of transposing those symphonies to modern forms in order that the present generation might enjoy them properly; and that thus Beethoven would continue to live. If Shakespeare is to be brought up to date, then let us have Beethoven, Haydn and Mozart rewritten also. But as Mr. Langner asks: "Who will do it?"

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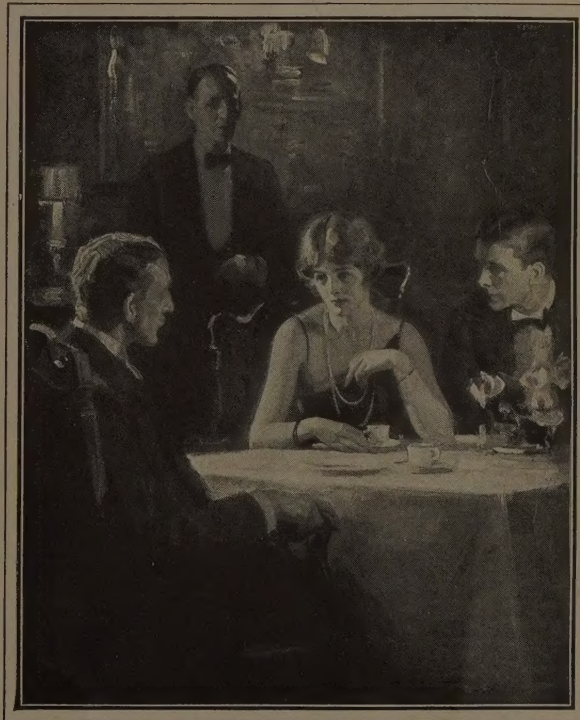
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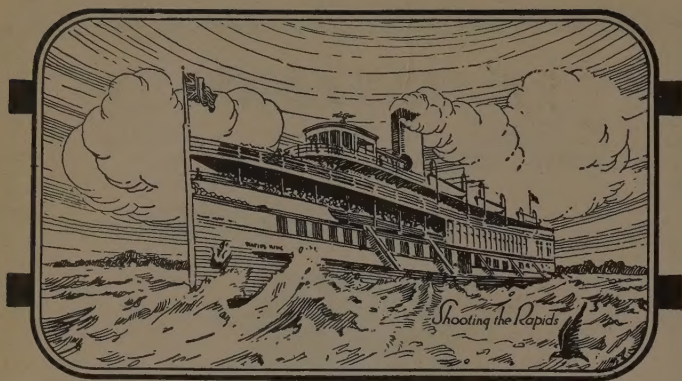
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I wish you could picture the becoming kind I have in mind—the sort that makes men turn to admire. I can't tell you what the color is, but it's full of those tiny dancing lights that somehow suggest auburn, yet which are really no more actual color than sunlight. It's only when the head is moved that you catch the auburn suggestion—the fleeting glint of gold.

You have no idea how much your bob can be improved with the "tiny tint" Golden Glint Shampoo will give it. If you want a bob like that I have in mind, buy a package and see for yourself. At all drug stores, or send 25¢ direct to J.W. Kobi Co., 678 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wa.

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## THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED

(Continued from page 58)

TONY: Amy, you ain't forgot how you promise about readin' da paper outside in da sun?

AMY: You bet I ain't forgot.

While the others are helping Tony outside, the Doctor calls to Joe.

DOCTOR: I hear you're going away. . . . Where to?

JOE: Search me. . . . Frisco first—

DOCTOR: Hadn't you better take Amy with you?

JOE: I don't get you.

DOCTOR: Amy came to see me last week. I didn't tell her what the trouble was. I didn't have the heart. I put her off. . . . Oh, it's easy to fool a woman. But you can't fool a doctor, Joe. (Steps nearer and eyes Joe.) Tony isn't the father, Joe. . . . He couldn't be— (A long pause.)

JOE (under his breath): Oh, Christ!

DOCTOR: I thought so. (Another long pause.) I've been trying to figure out how to make things easier for Tony. It upset me a good deal. Doctors get shocked more often than you'd think. . . . And a girl like Amy, too. . . .

A few minutes later Joe and Amy are alone in the living-room.

JOE: Amy. . . . Just a minute ago—

AMY: Make it snappy. . . . I don't like this bein' alone with you. It makes me think. . . . I want to forget.

JOE: Yeah. . . . and me. That's what I mean—

AMY: What?

JOE (after an awful pause): You're goin' to have a kid. (She stares incredulously without making a sound.) Yes, it's so, Amy. . . . I'm awful sorry. . . . The Doc just told me. AMY (she stands a moment without moving. Suddenly she drops the quilt from her hand and clasps her abdomen): Oh, my God! (She drops weakly into a chair, her face rigid with terror.) What—what am I going to do? JOE: I gotta think.

AMY: Poor Tony!

JOE: Yeah—that's what I'm thinkin'. . . . The Doc said for me to take you away with me. I got a little money saved up. I'll do the right thing if it kills me.

AMY: I musta been crazy that night. JOE: We both were.

AMY: I guess the Doc's right. . . . I'll have to go with you. Somebody's got to help me out. . . . There ain't nobody but you. An' afterwards. Oh, my God. . . . An' Tony'll be thinkin' that all the time. . . . You don't know how good he's been to me. An' all the time he was crazy for a kid.

Joe runs to get his things packed and to secure Amy's suitcase. While he is gone, Tony hobbles in. He is distressed to think that Joe is talking of leaving, but is more distressed at the white, scared face of his wife. What is the matter? What is she saying—she must go away, too? Brokenly—abjectly Amy tries to tell him.

TONY: Amy, w'at you talkin' about goin' away?

AMY: That's what I'm trying to tell you, Tony. Only you got to give me a

chance, because it ain't easy to tell you no more'n it's easy to go away. I gotta go. But it ain't because I don't love you. . . . I do—

TONY: Amy!

AMY: Listen to me, Tony. . . . You're goin' to kick me out when you hear what I got to say, but I don't care if you do. I'm going to have a baby. Tony. . . . an' it's—God help me—it's Joe's baby!

The poor old man is infuriated. He raises his crutch as though to strike her, but instead pleads with her to tell him she is only joking. The truth is too plain to be denied, however, and he reverts to a furious anger. She has been Joe's woman! She was a whore—just like the Padre said.

AMY (striking him in the mouth as she screams her denial): I ain't. . . . I ain't. . . . I been straight all my life. . . . only that one night.

Tony clumps furiously to the rack and takes down the shotgun hanging there. As he is opening the breech to load it, Joe comes in and rushes over to stop him. In the struggle the old man falls heavily. The pain causes him to drop the gun and the others lift him gently into a chair.

JOE (to Amy): Get your things. We can get the Padre to come up and look after him.

TONY (snatching at Amy's skirt): Amy. . . . Amy. . . . Amy. . . . Dio mio. . . . You can't go with Joe. . . . You ain't got no money. You gonna have baby. Pretty quick Joe is leavin' you desert and den w'at happen?

JOE: I swear I'll stick, Tony.

TONY: No! No! No. Ees no good. W'at goin' happen, Amy? You ain' goin', Amy! I don't let you go!

AMY: Don't talk that way, Tony.

TONY: No! No! NO! Ees no good. Tony say now. You ain' lovin' Joe. . . . you lovin' Tony. . . . You been good wife, Amy. I get excite' jus' now. . . . Excuse. I think verra good once more. You stayin' here with Tony, jus' like nothing is happen, an' bimby da little fella is com'—

AMY: Don't talk that way, Tony.

TONY: Yes, ees good sense. . . . Ees w'at evrabody wantin' here. You and Joe and me. . . . Joe is wantin' go travel away, with wobbles. . . . Looka, Amy. . . . Amy is wan' stayin' here nice an' safe with Tony. Looka Tony. . . . Dio mio, an' ask 'em w'at he want? Don' he want baby?

Tony pleads and pleads with Amy, little by little breaking down her resolve. At length she kneels, throws her arms about his neck and presses his head against her breast.

AMY: Well, Joe, I guess you better be going.

JOE: All right. I guess you're right. (He pulls on his cap and stands a moment in the doorway. A broad grin spreads over his face.) I guess there ain't none of us got any kick comin' at that. . . . No real kick. (He goes out slowly.)

AMY (lifting her face): No.

CURTAIN.



## CONCERNING JIMMY GLEASON

(Continued from page 18)

themselves, and they are not human enough to evoke even a sad smile in the audience. They speak a language written from the brain, not with the aid of the ear. *A What Price Glory*, further, is too specialized—there is no telling from that what either of the writers could do with people who are not of a certain trick caste. *The Show-Off* comes a whole lot nearer, and *They Knew What They Wanted* is so authentic, so accurate in character and in language, that I begin to believe Sidney Howard to be the surer bet.

The surest—except perhaps Gleason. This is contingent upon the possibility that, having garnered huge and perfectly legitimate profits from such rousing comedies as *Is Zat So?* and *The Fall Guy*, Gleason will be content to write, some time in the near future, without his eye so fixed upon the box-office.

For with his keen and unflinching ear for American phrasing, his amazing and wide knowledge of the soul within the native specimen of Homo Boobo and the automatic and instinctive gift for the theatre, he is capable of putting United States upon the stage with a skill and an effect very

close to the Ibsen method in especially *The Wild Duck*.

He will have to turn away from gags and pat lines and clowning a great deal and underwrite, rather than aiming for the bull's eye as he does now. He must learn to content himself with receiving anguished grimaces of the mirth that is accompanied by a catch in the neighborhood of the Adam's apple, rather than with the guffaw. He must force himself to use more legitimate theatre instead of hokum. He must use less type-characterization and more of the observation of individuality—of which he is greatly in possession. He has all the material within that domelike forehead. All that is necessary is for him to want to take a certain amount more of pains.

Maybe he won't think that to be the "American Ibsen" is worth the effort. Maybe he will think that this is a highfalutin suggestion. Maybe it is.

But I should enjoy seeing him take a shot at it. If not as a writer, as a producer. For when the native *Wild Duck* flies into view, I know of no man in the theatre more capable of recognizing it.



## ALL GOD'S CHILLUN GOT SONGS

(Continued from page 24)

porter, pursued by racial fears. In singing, his voice retains its beautiful quality and the same sense of reserve power inherent in his acting manifests itself. His enunciation is impeccable—one never misses a word—and his interpretation is always clearly thought out and lucidly expressed.

Lawrence Brown's versions of the Spirituals are in many instances remarkable. I would call attention especially to the evangelical abandon of his transcription of *Every time I feel the spirit*, entirely at variance with the slow-footed arrangements made by other musicians. Mr. Brown's voice is quite adequate to the uses to which he puts it, and his spirit in the responses is so accurately just that the effect of Robeson's singing is doubly enhanced by his vital co-operation.

I can never sufficiently record my admiration for the Negro Spirituals. The music of these simple, spontaneous outpourings from the heart of an oppressed race ranks with the best folk music anywhere and with a good deal of the second-best art music. The melodies have a strange, haunting appeal to which it is very difficult to remain indifferent. Indeed, once they become incorporated in the memory, they are there to stay. The words, too, crude though they often are, have the substance of true poetry.

It is not generally realized that the

folk-songs of the Negro are still in process of creation. Their invention did not end with the passing of slave days. Conditions in the South for the Negro are still sufficiently oppressive to keep him in a state of emotional ferment extremely favorable for the inspiration of religious folk-song. So, even to-day, in little Negro churches or at camp-meetings, they come into spontaneous utterance. One man throws out a line, another tosses him a response, and soon the congregation is rocking with a mighty, harmonized chorus. Furthermore, it may be stated that the religious songs are but a small part of the gift of black folk in the department of music. There are the work songs, the songs of the cotton pickers on the plantation, the songs of the corn husker in the fields, the songs of the roustabouts on the levee, and there are the Blues which spring up in the disreputable quarters of the Southern cities.

It is the desire of Lawrence Brown to travel through the Southland for the purpose of adding new examples of this material to that already collected. It is to be hoped that this altruistic ambition may be satisfied, for it may safely be stated that the folk-songs of the Negro constitute America's chief claim to musical distinction. Every song that can be added to the list makes that claim stronger.

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